

The Saturday Review

of LITERATURE

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Where There Is Life

CRITICS are obnoxious and malicious animals. They never read new books beyond the first or before the last chapter, and they know little or nothing of general literature. They have opinion but no conviction, their opinion being that enemies should be damned and friends praised. All of them live in New York, and most of them in Greenwich Village. Every one old enough to vote knows that all of these facts are indisputably true of literary criticism in the United States.

We have watched with interest the *barrage* upon what is called "modern" criticism, and grow a little weary of futile attacks upon log-rolling reviewers, dogmatic critics, and irresponsible periodicals. All this gunfire is aimed in the wrong direction. The dull and ignorant reviewer is the real enemy, the critic too weak to be dogmatic is the common evil, the periodical responsible to everything but the truth is the discouraging fact.

Obstinate dogmatism, based upon conviction not interest, is a rare quality in American life to-day, and we could use more of it. Hergesheimer deplores its passing in "Balisand," and he is right, whether for politics or literature. The instinctive distaste for everything modern which we now call conservatism is no substitute for rigid thinking and unshakable principle. Distaste gets nowhere: it muddles the bad and good together.

And in criticism especially the virtuous dulness of a mind that feebly dislikes or tepidly praises or sleepily describes is a positive evil, for it takes the life out of literature. Ignorance is not the only sin; when it comes to books, half-heartedness is a crime also. Our own inclinations are strongly against dogmatism, if by dogmatism one means thinking by formula and argument from fixed ideas assumed to be eternal truth. But even so, we prefer Isaiah to Dr. Dryasdust or Mr. Smart Patter, and believe that Mr. Chesterton three-quarters wrong (his usual average) is more useful than Platitude, Commonplace, and Hack, even when one hundred per cent right in the remarks they inflict upon us.

The whole stock in trade of some writers is not being dogmatic. They are so catholic, so balanced, so judicious, so tolerant that they accomplish nothing without a "not" before it. They are not offensive, not unfair, not ignorant, not partisan, but in all that they write there is hardly enough blood to make a mouse's heart beat. They see both sides of everything, but seldom the middle, and never the bottom. Like certain editorial writers and many ministers, they are always urging us to look at the merits and forget the case.

Yet fair-mindedness can be a passion, and the attempt to interpret imagination and comprehend achievement may be as spirited as propaganda, and much more exciting because it is a search for truth. A judicious attitude is not the result of indifference, but a balance of contending forces. It is more difficult to give the devil his due than to attack him on sight or ignore him. Real tolerance and sympathy in literary criticism rise up in a mind that knows very well what cannot be tolerated and where there can be no sympathy extended.

The dull critic is not always the worst critic, for there are forms of speciousness and actual dishonesty more destructive than dulness. But the dull critic is more deserving of abuse than the gentry who get most of it. Even the log-roller, that nightmare of the beginner, can be a useful citizen in the Republic of Letters. Many a delicate talent has been ticked into excellence by the praise of discriminating friends. Log-rolling for mediocrity is a sordid bus-

She

By ISABEL FISKE CONANT

SHE was a small thing,
But she was strong,
More like the air than
The words of a song.

I think that she was less
Metal than fay.
She was a legend
In her own day.

You that would judge her
Watch her an hour,
Then leave her sentence
To dryad or flower;

Or, if you saw her,
Down any street,
You might see grasses
Right through her feet.

There is a legend grows
Round any such,
Who, when you reach her,
You cannot touch.

Bibles

By CLEMENCE DANE

*All the glory of the world would be buried in oblivion
unless God had provided mortals with the remedy of books.*
"The Love of Books."

BUT when Richard Bury of the court of Edward III, Bishop, humorist, statesman and most lovable of bibliomaniacs, wrote that line he was thinking, not of the two and six-penny reprint, not even of the seven and six-penny novel whose life, a publisher once told me, is reckoned at four months, but of the book that is a book, some manuscript laboriously transcribed, exquisitely illuminated, a long garnered honeycomb of wisdom and delight. Such books you will see under glass at the British Museum (first to the right, past the umbrellas) with leaves like magnolia petals and golden initial letters that shine untarnished after eight hundred years of use. And in these "oes and eies of light" there will be Lilliputian scenes and portraits so brilliantly colored that you would say the ancient brushes had been dipped in melted rubies and sapphires powdered. The margins are, here broad and plain, there overrun with threadlike blue and scarlet flourishes, and, hopping along the fine lines like sparrows on telegraph wires, minute figurines of fish, flesh and fowl appear; while the text itself, the beautiful black lettering, zigzags its way down the center of the page like a lizard flickering along a flat-topped rock.

Such were the books that Richard Bury lets you hear speaking in their own defense, books that to-day are no longer made, books that yet exist only in the libraries of the rich man and the state. They have become books to be looked at, not read from; for printing, which was invented for love of books, has destroyed the love of such books as Richard Bury used. What is the point of people chaining their Bibles to desks while they live—

And dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue—

when they can buy others at three and sixpence apiece from the nearest stationer's. Why treasure up a six-shilling novel when the very paper it is printed on will have perished in fifty years? Except to tempt the collector, the book's use as a physical work of art is over. Books are read and flung aside nowadays much as clothes are worn and discarded; for clothes, too, have fallen from their high estate. No queen will leave three thousand dresses in her wardrobe as great Eliza did: nor could the imperfect garments of to-day endure such a passage down the centuries as Wilibald Alexis chronicles in "The Trousers of Herr von Bredau." But though books, save for an occasional Kelmscott or Doves Press or Nonesuch treasure, have become mere things of an hour, Bibles survive. Bibles? "The Bible," you mean! No, I don't. A bible is only a book, though every book is not a bible. "Bible"—I looked it up in the dictionary—"from the Greek *biblia*—the books!" Doesn't that fit? Books die, but "the books" live. Books we get out from the circulating library, books we skim in an hour and forget in a week; but "the books," the half a dozen bibles of our growth and maturity, these we cling to, by these we live.

One of my own greatest treasures is my grandfather's "bible," eight small, beautifully bound volumes of Wilson's "Noctes Ambrosianae." Have you ever read them—are they buyable still, I wonder? It's a pity if they are not, for they are most rich and humorous reading, as satisfying as those

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iness, and highly speculative, for unless the public follow, the results are negative. Log-rolling for genius has made literary history from the classic civilization downward. Another name for it is discovering greatness! Partisanship is better than dulness. The writer who has nothing to say but words, no more interest than in a round of golf, no more interest than in ordering his dinner, only so much intelligence as is required for a platitude, no penetration, or desire to penetrate—he is more dangerous than the wicked because his kind is so much more abundant.

other bibles, Boswell's "Johnson" and Pepys's "Diary." Ambrose kept an inn and a good cook in Edinburgh just a hundred years ago. Round his table gathered weekly certain celebrated characters: I always imagine that Scott had one of them at least in his mind when he created Pleydell, the lawyer in "Guy Mannering." Chief of the group were Professor Wilson, the "Christopher North" of *Blackwood's Magazine*; De Quincey, the Opium Eater, and James Hogg, "the Ettrick Shepherd," that strange peasant genius in whose volume of prose tales is bound up a human document, "Confessions of a Fanatic," that ranks in power and interest with "The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford." Hogg is a member of the Ambrosian circle (some say that Wilson, who wrote the record of the "Nights," half created him) who immortalizes it. He flashes and foams through the conversation like some magnificent sea-beast, breaking surface now and then with a "Christopher, when I see marble I aye think o' moonlicht. Hoo's that?" or diving, long years before "Lady Into Fox" seduced the town, into a circumstantial account of a previous life of his own as an African lion, together with the history of his lamentable death in the main street of the town of Timbuctoo; and so back, in a broad Scot's accent, via a recipe for Bubble-and-squeak, to join in mourning Byron, lately dead at Missolonghi, mingling honor and judgment after a fashion that our centenarian enthusiasts and detractors of to-day would be the better for imitating.

The peculiar charm of this particular bible is, of course, just this mixture of Byron and Bubble-and-squeak, this presentation, that is, of the life of our grandfathers as if it were the life of to-day. Imagine Mr. Gosse, Mr. Squire and Mr. Wells, with Masfield dropping in now and then, sitting peacefully over the ruins of an excellent meal (of which the full menu is given), confiding to each other the while what they really think of the Labor Government, and Homer, and Mrs. Asquith, and guava jelly, and the bungalow crime, and women smoking, and the Bacon bi-literal cipher, and the state of the drama, and the Empire Exhibition at Wembley. Shift it all back a hundred years: write it down in an English crisper, nobler, yet more leisurely than that we use to-day, and you have the "Noctes": such a book one may well call a bible in old Richard Bury's sense of a book "by which we remember things that are past, and even prophesy as to the future. And things present which shift and flow, we perpetuate by committing them to writing."

But bibles need not necessarily be classics. If I put on my shelf convenient to my hand the "Oxford Book of Ballads," a people's bible if ever there was one, in which you may discover how England has lived and sung in her villages and country lanes these thousand years, I put by it with no feeling of incongruity the new "Collected Edition" of Masfield's Poems; and I heard the other day a boy of seventeen call Bernard Shaw his bible; which enlightened me incidentally as to what one of the functions of a bible should be. It must not merely delight, like an ode of Keats or a Jane Austen novel: it must have, to be a true bible, a touch of the schoolmaster in its composition. For what, once more, does Richard Bury call his beloved books?—"Masters who instruct us without rod or ferrule, without angry words, without clothes or money. If you come to them they are not asleep—if you enquire of them they do not withdraw themselves. They do not chide you if you make mistakes: they do not laugh at you if you are ignorant." But they certainly mix delight with instruction, and the man or woman to whom Shaw is a bible will cut, I dare bet, the preface pages of his new "St. Joan."

"Show me a man's friends and I'll tell you what he is!" One could put bibles for friends and not be far out. For a man's or woman's bed-book shelf is often a curious revelation. I know a charwoman whose bible is "Our Mutual Friend"; and a business man who swears by Dunsany's "Gods of Pegana"; and I remember a small girl who selected Locke's "On the Human Understanding" as the inseparable companion of a summer holiday; though what she sucked out of it her grown-up self can no longer imagine. And, turning to fiction, do you remember McTurk in "Stalky and Co." gluing up old back numbers of "Fors Clavigera"; and Mark Twain's captain getting white-hot over Francis Bacon? "I had rather than forty shillings I had my book of songs and sonnets here," says Slender in "The Merry Wives," and we have the manling in the phrase. His "Book of Sonnets" and his "Book of Riddles" has half created him, just as old Betteridge in the "Moonstone" is half created

by the worn, thumbd copy of "Robinson Crusoe" that he carries under his obstinate arm. And, to turn back again to real life, who can remember Paul and Francesca without remembering also how

It chanced one day we read for our delight
How love held fast the soul of Lancelot:
Alone were we . . .
But when we read how smile long sought for, flushed
Fair face at kiss of lover so renowned,
He kissed me on my lips, as impulse rushed,
All trembling . . .
No time for reading more that day we found.

or think of Browning without thinking also of "the square old yellow book with crumpled vellum covers" that was to be the mine from which he dug "The Ring and the Book?" Who can divide Ketas from that eternal moment of his "First Looking Into Chapman's Homer"; or Matthew Arnold from Glanvil's book?

Come let me read the oft read tale again,
The story of the Oxford scholar poor—

But for Glanvil we should never have had the heavenly apostrophe of "our days" to "the old times before us":

Fly hence, our contact fear!
Wave us away and keep thy solitude! . . .
Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
Still clutching the inviolable shade,
With a free onward impulse brushing through
By night the silver branches of the glade . . .
Freshen thy flowers as in former years
With dew, and listen with enchanted ears
From the dark dingles to the nightingale.

Listen to it! Isn't it pure music? That is the sort of thing a bible can put into a scholar and a poet: and so we get "The Scholar Gypsy." Or it may be that the bible is "Holinshed's Chronicles" and the poet a cobbler's son instead of an Oxford don, and then we are given the one historical play that stands level with those of Shakespeare—Marlowe's "Edward II." If the poet be even lower on the social rung—

A tinker out of Bedford,
A vagrant oft in quod—

a man whose library is but the Bible itself, we inherit instead the picture of a Pilgrim at the beginning of his Progress, "clothed in rags, with his face from his own house," a burden upon his back and "a book in his hand."

None of the great hearts, you see, have been able to do without their bibles, whether they spelt them with big or little b's. Bunyan, of course, wrote his all in capitals: he would have written his motto, if he could, with a finger dipped in fire upon the eternal walls of night—"Read your Bible! Read your Bible!" I wonder what he would have said to our modern yawns, to the newspaper English of to-day in which we clamor for bowdlerized versions of the Word, demanding that our children should be given the best bits, the interesting bits, protesting that it is impossible to expect them to wade through the whole. It is a problem, of course, how to lure the modern child to the Bible that his parents never read! And yet if we let him lose the habit of it I am quite sure we are robbing him of a great inheritance. The child of to-morrow cannot afford to be a stranger to the greatest poetry and the finest tales in the language, any more than he can afford not to be closely and personally acquainted with the presence and the power of the Nazarene. And I think we of to-day are beginning to realize it. How else are we to explain the popularity of such volumes as Papini's "Life of Christ," that bids fair to do for the first half of this century what Farrar's "Life of Christ" did for the second half of the Victorian age? It may be a marvel to you and me that people will be attracted and stirred by such emotional re-writing when the immortal story, immortally told, is itself within reach; but there it is! The book is vigorously and excitedly written and has become popular (it is, I believe, in its ninth edition in England alone) and I suppose it is understandable that any one whose sense of the spirit of the Gospels has been dulled by too much insistence on the letter may be stimulated by this modern version. But I for one find much more attractive, if we must have simplifications, an American "Story of the Bible" by Hendrik Van Loon—a piece of work that so delighted me by its fresh, reverent unconventionality that I had no peace till I had procured his equally fascinating "Story of Mankind." Both volumes are illustrated by the author's own cuts and

color-prints: little rough drawings that are always interesting and pointed, and occasionally startlingly imaginative. One guesses, indeed, that one of Mr. Van Loon's bibles has been Blake, and Rembrandt another—if so, he has brought to the study of these masters exactly the same unbiased freshness of feeling that he brings to his survey of the Bible itself. He has learned much from them without blurring his originality, an originality that enables him to pass from such sketches as the deliciously humorous "Joseph is proud in his new coat!" or the impression of David staggering home under the weight of Goliath's sword, to the strange dignity and beauty of "The Pharisee and his Victim." Exactly the same happy ease in accomplishment is the note of the text. I don't say that the book is a great one—and if I did I am sure that Mr. Van Loon would be the first to laugh at me. But I am pretty sure that it is written by a man of sincerity and of unusual imaginative power; and I am quite sure that it is a book that grown-ups may read with profit and that children will love. Why not, when it is so easy to see what Bible is Mr. Van Loon's bible?

The rule always holds: "Show me a man's bible and I will tell you what he is!"

Idyllic Life

AN ISLAND IN TIME. Charted by Sirov of Konakir. By HENRY CHESTER TRACY. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1924. \$1.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THIS book is worthy of note as revealing a new writer of strong yet delicate prose, with an almost defiant disregard of the lesser conventions that make books weak and sometimes popular. He is writing the spiritual autobiography of his friend, the Armenian Sirov, a man whose youth "between childhood and puberty when the eyes are clear and the blood is cool" had been spent in the remote "lifted land" near Ararat where life was patriarchal and conformed to traditions simpler and nobler than ours. It is a story of an island in time, set apart from today by loss and disaster, but eternal as an ideal of living. The incidents are of family life: the English stranger whose talk is a curtain lifted from vistas of knowledge, the brother, a runaway from a decorum which excluded self-regarding romance as unworthy of a Hayq, first contacts with the education of the West, and the slow emergence of a philosophy in which, as with Masfield—

"The days that make us happy, make us wise," and life, restrained from excess, becomes vibrant with beauty and peace.

But the book itself is not philosophy, although the author is just another of the disdainful who begin to turn aside from the crash and smear of industrialism and build in their imagination sweeter cities. It is, in its most beautiful aspect, an exquisitely written description of idyllic life in a real Armenia, interspersed with picturesque episodes, and given significance by the growth of a mind which remembering that life can be made decorous and revealing is made firm against the gross and the commonplace:

While I stood there on the trail, a girl came out of the homes of the Greeks and stood near me, with her eyes on the heights, where was a *yailah* of her friends. Small and distant it seemed to me, but she cupped a hand to her mouth and called:

"Stirka, O-O-O-O-O!"

and it was plain that her voice reached that height, for presently there was an answering call from Stirka (which I suppose means Little Star,) and the girl near me sent her message, which was this:

"Ghala, Kai 'xyghala, O-O-O-O-O."

The halloo at the end being meaningless I took it to be like a flourish of the pen, beautifying the figure made by the voice on that silence. And I'm sure that the instinct of those Greeks would be not to mar such a silence by any abrupt sound.

Only those who have knowledge of a life "elevated" as the one he describes will read the thing he ventures to write, says the author, and it may be that he guesses truly, for "An Island in Time" is not for the careless reader. And yet it so vividly captures a mode of conduct, and a mood that owes its source to a people, a family, and a vivid and beautiful land that the reviewer is less pessimistic than the author. In spite of contrary evidence, we readers still crave the experience of beauty, even between editions of the daily paper and in the ugliness of streets.

Father and Daughter

MY DAUGHTER HELEN. By ALLAN MONKHOUSE. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1924.

Reviewed by HOWARD DEVREE

EVERY artist at some time in his life is supposed to yearn to transcend the limitations of his particular medium of expression and desire for once at least to express himself more fully in some other medium. So one can imagine Mr. Allan Monkhouse busying himself with etching or the composition of fugues and making a holiday hobby of taxidermy.

He has done, obviously for a small but deeply appreciative audience, a fine-tempered, beautiful thing, lit with a strange inner beauty—a beauty complete and individual. It is so quietly done and with such an assured touch that its strength and scope are at first hardly felt, but grow until they evoke fascinated conviction. "My Daughter Helen" is a thoroughly satisfying novel.

And it is far more than the tender restrained chronicle of very understanding father love through the dozen years of his daughter's girlhood, disillusioning marriage, remaking of life. It is a carefully weighed arraignment of society for its failure to find a niche suitable to much promising material which now goes to waste. Altogether a serious, thoughtful study which will bear pausing over and re-reading as remarkably few of the cynically numerous novels of the day could possibly stand the test.

Mr. Monkhouse has concentrated his effort on Helen and her marriage to Abney with his "shrewd subterfuges and monstrous fatuities, shreds of a fantastic honor and little moral sense," the last of a dying-out family of once great pretensions. She selected this uncharted, erratic, clever young man instead of Derwant, who would have made "a good faithful-dog kind of lover"—a young athletic, lovable chap whom one pictures as the son the average English father approves.

Helen's father, Daunt, the novelist and playwright, tells unaffectedly of the curious relationship established between himself, his son Randal, and Helen and Abney from the days of Helen's girlhood, through Abney's first futile attempts to live in a world for which he is utterly unprepared; of Abney's greater failure and the dark days which ensue when he places himself outside the law; of the efforts of the others to help him to find his place, and the almost inevitable outcome. But all this is only event and occasion. Mr. Monkhouse's work depends rather on the careful study in nuances and in the strange psychological repercussions which he understands so well and transcribes with such merciless fidelity: contriving always to leave his own tolerant, slightly baffled, sympathy suffusing all.

Daunt himself, released to the reader's vision so obliquely, is the Victorian blended with the modern, a link to bind the generations. There is brave pathos in his reticences when he feels his children slipping from him. There is delightful candor and pride in his wonderfully successful determination to see always their points of view as well as his own and to keep in spirit as young and as modern as they. There is appealing, masterly simplicity in his decision never to play the parent at his children's expense—a decision to which he faithfully adheres and which wins him the greatest reward he could have asked.

Daunt, feeling natural jealousy toward the young men who are attracted to Helen, can take stock of himself and say

Her bearing was beyond reproach and yet in reasonable moments I told myself that it couldn't be, it shouldn't be; the world doesn't get on by means of correct attitudes.

No wonder he kept their love and confidence! And again:

If she was for Marmaduke, I didn't want her to be slack in it. A big tragic figure is better than a little uncomfortable one. Perhaps it was better to come to smash than to meander on in ignoble dullness, semi-comfort.

Characterization is one of Mr. Monkhouse's strongholds. He sees Abney for the first time as

... a boy who had done a good deal of quiet shrinking and now sometimes adopted the bravura attitude ... the kind to develop into a wit and an intellectual. He would shrink from emotion, secretly fearing and desiring it.

And the theatrical manager who is asked to give Abney a chance after his tragic crime has only to say of Ibsen's "Ghosts": "It was like a funeral with people howling now and then!"

But it is in the tenderness of the father-daughter relation that he gets in his most telling work:

"We'll keep the young man at bay a little longer then."

"You hope that he will never come," she said.

"No, no," I cried; but she said sullenly "Yes."

It was an instinctive protest, and I was startled, shaken out of my complacency. All was wrong between us. I said heavy-handed, liberal-minded things. I believe I said that nature must have its way. I got out of the limelight hastily. And she was quick to feel my mood; she recoiled from her position, she plied me with reassurances, she was wondering how far she could go in exalting me at the expense of ardent youth. It was rather amusing. I soon worked myself into a position of impregnable wisdom and sympathy. I puzzled her again, for a complete frankness was impossible. I had a foretaste of the bitterness of loss.

Mr. Monkhouse's limitations, somewhat deliberate ones in the present work, are both strength and weakness. The etcher forswears color. And for the sake of the intimate diary-like touch he has forsworn in his novel much he might have done to give it wider appeal. And he is as assured an audience as—shall we say Gissing? And it may be doubted if Mr. Monkhouse would demand more than he is likely to receive.



ROBERT OWEN, FROM AN UNPUBLISHED DRAWING BY A. EDOUARD

From "Robert Owen," by Frank Codmore (D. Appleton & Co.)

Gentility Anatomized

BROWNSTONE FRONT. By GILBERT W. GABRIEL. New York: The Century Company. 1924. \$2.

Reviewed by CLARE HOWARD
Barnard College

THERE is a horrid joy in finding old photographs and wondering at the solemn absurdities of thirty years ago. Those balloon sleeves, those Ascot ties, those bicycle caps with visors a foot long! A panorama of New York in the nineties, when the hansom cab clopped over the cobbled streets, and the four rows of trees on the Boulevard shaded thousands of spinning cyclists, is one of the features of Gilbert W. Gabriel's "Brownstone Front." There is more in the book than antiquarianism, however. There is a story of beauty sought, seen and lost; and there are many characters emerging from the gas lamps of quiet streets, sketched in the manner of Balzac.

Emily Bray, the heroine, despises the pretenses her parents make to cover their genteel poverty in their frame house in Brooklyn. Unlike her giddy sister, she loves not beaux but music. Nor is she touched by the devotion of Robert Ladd, son of a Brownstone Front in New York. On a winter visit to Gloucester she meets the artist Mario, whose Italian mother was elevated from the fishermen by her marriage with a romantic old uncle of Emily's. In his old Gloucester house, which she fills with music and love, she learns what life may be; only to return to Brooklyn, for Mario does not care.

She marries Robert Ladd, endures torments in the Brownstone Front, but comes to know that her baby is better than Art.

The horrors of gentility—a favorite subject in this era—have seldom been so well described. The absurd myth of "the maid's day out" to explain opening one's own door, the furtive ironing-board, the suppressed grandpa who kept a cigar-store, are exposed with gusto. But the poverty of the Bray family was cheerful compared to the Ladd's life behind their brownstone front. The music-room where there was no music, the fireplaces where there was no fire, the vacant life of Robert's mother, sitting at the window in dull idleness, are only part of the indictment. The real life of the house, Robert's genius for electrical appliances, was cooped in the cellar where, amid the coal-bins, the boy sweated all night at his inventions. Above him reared four stories of furniture, frescoes, chandeliers, oil-paintings, all equally silly.

A gilt curio cabinet stood next to her, with an array of knickknacks under the glass top. She saw a tiny porcelain cat, a ten-dollar gold piece, a miniature of a French princess, a cigar-case of gold and Russian enamels, a stone arrow-head.

Does any one recall the Waldorf-Astoria when it was decorated like this:

A monster discord of Turkish rugs, draperies, agonized portières, pillows mountain-high on billows of cushions. Chinese embroideries, tin simulators, papier-mâché spear-heads, painted plaster busts of Ethiopian slave girls . . . in short, that crowning glory of the decorative day, an Oriental cozy-corner.

Gramper Bray knows better than this. The stuff for sale in his little shop is tobacco and musical instruments to make glad the heart of man. Entirely independent and unafraid, he sits by his old leering cockatoo and talks with customers—if they come. One of the poignant moments in the book is his sacrifice of the cockatoo to make it agreeable for his genteel failure of a son, who is glad at last, after a lifetime of selling celluloid ornaments and being Secretary of the Knights of Presbyteria, to creep into the cigar-shop.

There is a good deal of twilight in the book; more pathos than force. But that pathos is deep and true, as in the end of Mrs. Bray, and the sale of the Bray's furniture. An author who elects the ubiquitous point of view, as does Mr. Gabriel, is bound, of course, to lack intensity. Had the story been entirely from the vision of Emily, we should have been more immersed in the action. But if the structure is not strong, the style is masterly in its power of selection. We are never overpowered by the writer's array of detail. Much is said in few words, in a singularly pellucid way. People who have no patience with the congestion of words in some smart modern authors will find pleasure in "Brownstone Front." And some people can never have enough of New York, if only it is truthfully rendered.

A Charming Novel

A LOVELY DAY. By HENRY CÉARD. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1924. \$2.

Reviewed by JOHN CARTER

TWO intellectual qualities have united in the Gallic character to make possible the literature that has been the basis for much European civilization: love of truth and love of form. Wherever French writers have been tempted to allow the latter to run away with the former, in emulation of Anglo-Saxon sentimentality, a master, such as Anatole France, has arisen to rule his people with a rod of irony. The value of such discipline is admirably shown by Henry Céard's "A Lovely Day." This book is a little gem, a masterpiece of painstaking realism, fused into a perfect and coherent unity, illuminated with wit and couched in that limpid style which is the glory of good French prose.

For too many years French literature has been considered "naughty" simply for the reason that French writers have preferred to follow the bridegroom into his chamber, as it were, instead of making prurient conjectures at the keyhole. "A Lovely Day" shows that the result of such excursions is not as inevitable as it is on Broadway. Ernestine Duhamian was the pretty wife of a boring suburban architect. She is tempted to an escapade with a

neighboring gallant, the dashing wine merchant M. Trudon. With him she goes to spend the day at an inn notorious for its rendezvous. To their mutual surprise they become profoundly bored with each other, and Ernestine decides that "whatever way she turned, marriage and adultery offered her the same prospect of stupidity, and adultery had the further disadvantage of compromising her—when it came to a choice of banality, she preferred the legal platitude." At this point the two were imprisoned by a heavy downpour of rain, a meteorological miracle that has favored fictional lovers from the day Dido and Aeneas took refuge in that cave near Carthage. Here the weather missed its cue, for their boredom became intolerable when escape was impossible. After this "lovely day" Madame Duhamain returned to her stodgy, pompous husband and ever after, at the memory of this adventure, "smiled ironically, with a sort of sharp pity."

Having no moral burden to bear, the author is free to write felicitously of infelicities, "ironically, with a sort of sharp pity" that is the humanizing aspect of the knife of irony. The suburban ball, Madame Duhamain's dancing are described with an analytical exactitude that is deliciously aloof:

Madame Duhamain was turning gracefully, astride, as it were, of Trudon's right knee. One step forward and one backward, according to the beat, she rose and fell with the regular movement of a pendulum. At certain moments, when she was whirled around, nothing could be seen but a tempestuous flutter of petticoats and underthings, and her little feet turning on the tip of her shoes. She swayed to the right and to the left, and then every one admired the way in which her train alternately wound and unwound around Trudon's legs, like the gentle coiling of a lazy serpent.

The same analysis lends an edge to Trudon's denunciation of architects, a ruse to arouse Ernestine's jealousy:

According to him, when they were at the Ecole des Beaux Arts they mixed in very shady society, had vile connections and led fearful lives.

And with what delight does the scalpel expose Trudon the lover, repulsed by the prudish or prudent Ernestine:

Trudon gazed at Madame Duhamain with eyes full of dying desire, an expression of vague regret, the sad attitude peculiar to the grief of idiots.

In short, "A Lovely Day" is charming, unsentimental, gay, true to life and true to artistic form. It suggests alike the penetration of a Flaubert and the worldly vision of de Maupassant in "Bel Ami." It is an amusing and delicious story, seasoned with the salt of common sense and made gracious by the comprehension that knows how to forgive all things.

Early America

THE DARK CLOUD. By THOMAS BOYD. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1924. \$2.

Reviewed by JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

THOMAS BOYD'S second book will be a surprise and a disappointment to the enthusiastic readers of "Through the Wheat" because the author of one of the most individual chronicles of the war has here written as commonplace a narrative of early America as anything produced by the rococo romancers of the last generation. To be sure, it is obvious that Mr. Boyd meant to subordinate the historical setting which is the stock in trade of romantic fiction and to stress his psychological problem. But Hugh Turner, the subdued soul who finally resolves his inferiority complex by sloughing the meiotic Calvinist doctrines, is so much the runaway hero of juvenile literature and so little the introspective person his author wishes him to be that he cannot raise the story above its conventional and mediocre similars.

As a romantic tale the book suffers from the conflicting desires of Mr. Boyd. The delineation of growth and development in a character requires consistent, coherent treatment and a leisurely, almost an ambling, pace; whereas the narration of such adventures as are foisted upon our hero demands a constant agitation and a breathless steeplechase over the hazards of a turbulent age. The author has thus unfortunately handicapped himself by the very nature of his theme. In his effort to reconcile the opposed elements of the novel he simply surrenders something of value to each and, as a result,

he is hectic, sporadic and dull. He furnishes us with a series of stereopticon views when the situation calls for a compact scenario. Here a vivid scene, there a tense moment—but between lies an unnecessarily prosaic passage. And the cumulative effect of the last is disastrous.

This sacrifice of pure plot interest to higher literary values is in vain. I can see nothing in the novel that deserves it. Mr. Boyd's characters are the recurrent manikins clothed and mannered in accordance with the mode of 1853. Hugh is slight, if not altogether vacuous; his patron, in whom the author combines the easy virtues of a gentleman gambler and the resolute integrity of an abolitionist leader of the underground railway, is not a successful amalgam; and the rest are indistinct and inconsequential.

If there is any consolation to be had from the fact that "The Dark Cloud" does not fulfil the promise of his earlier and better novel, it may be found in the fact that Mr. Boyd must now realize where his *forte* lies. On the one hand, the *pointillisme* style of "Through the Wheat," where the author laid on his canvass the primary incidents and elementary emotions of a distinct character, against the confused and flaming background of war; in the other, the ordinary narrative with its flat, drab illustrations of picaresque episodes and its inadequate descriptions of mental turmoil—certainly there can be no doubt that Mr. Boyd ought to continue to use the technique of Seurat rather than the method of Abbey. Surely he must see that he is an interpreter, not a *raconteur*.

Modern Prose

MODERN ESSAYS. Second Series. Selected, with prefatory essay and biographical notes by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1924. \$2.

Reviewed by JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

IN ONE of the essays included in this volume Mr. R. W. Chapman discusses, under the caption, "The Decay of Syntax," the badness of contemporary writing and extols the art of the eighteenth century masters. With all that he says of the evils of journalistic looseness, the present reviewer is in the most hearty agreement; but in reading that essay he was led to think again of two things which Mr. Chapman does not mention, merely, perhaps, because they are no part of his theme. Those two things are: first, the characteristic excellence which may be found in much of even the fugitive writing of to-day, and, second, the general complexity of the subject matter of such writing as compared with the subject matter of the Augustan age. It is true that Addison, for example, did occasionally break new ground in thought, as with his critical articles on Milton or the ballads, but how charmingly on the whole he represents a charmingly superficial age! And who will deny that much of the perfect expression of the eighteenth century was due in a large measure to the simplicity and conventionality of the things expressed. Certain great figures like Shaftesbury in moral philosophy or Burke in politics no doubt carried thought forward, but taken as a whole the general run of the writers of the time were surprisingly complacent in their acceptance of their very limited knowledge and surprisingly ready to accept and repeat moral or intellectual simplification while shutting their eyes to the complexity of the life around them.

For the man of to-day who is even moderately intelligent and moderately well educated the world is more complex than it was for some of the outstanding figures of the past, and the modern is compelled to pay a penalty, for he is often forced to spoil a phrase which an eighteenth century writer would have made perfect because he is unfortunately compelled to break the rhythm of his utterance by interpolating some conflicting fact which historical or scientific research has discovered or some scruple which the character of contemporary ethical or political speculation makes it necessary for him to interject. How much easier it is to write well upon some subject involving, let us say, manners or history or philosophy when one can begin (as I know not how many eighteenth century essays and prefaces and treatises do begin): "It would seem that from the earliest times men have been

accustomed —," than it is to write well upon the same subject when research has unearthed so many and such seemingly contradictory facts about the origins of everything under the sun. And similarly, how much easier it is to write with simple cogency about "praising Virtue" and "lashing Vice" if one can only rest content, as these satirists did, with mere capitalization in lieu of definition, instead of trying, as a modern must do, to get behind custom and prejudice to define these slippery terms. Yet many contemporary writers do say these newer and more complicated things and say them sometimes with a greater simplicity than some great writers achieved in the discussion of easier ideas. Mr. Chapman quotes, quite properly, the following phrase "Instances of premature mortality are more frequent in the case of men than in the case of women" as an abominable substitute for "more men die young than women." But he quotes it dangerously close to an implied praise of Johnson, who himself, to use the classic example, changed "It has not wit enough to keep it sweet" into "It does not contain sufficient vitality to preserve it from putrefaction," and that is almost as fantastic without being as amusing as Sir Thomas Browne's equally famous translation of "Make haste slowly" into "Celerity tempered by cunctation."

There are no writers in the world whom the present reviewer admires more in certain respects than Dryden and Pope for verse, or Addison and Fielding for prose, and yet even the last, greatest of them all, omits many things and simplifies many others which a man of to-day could not afford to simplify or omit. One cannot write as an eighteenth century man wrote without becoming an eighteenth century man, and one cannot do that without in a measure stultifying himself. He can become perhaps an interesting sort of pseudo-antique but he must shut himself from the thought of his times.

All of the above is a rather lengthy preface to a simple exclamation: How excellent as a whole are the essays which Mr. Morley has had the industry to search out and the good taste to choose for the present volume! They represent art and thought in many fields, Mr. Canby and others representing criticism, Mr. Fosdick politics, Mr. Hudson nature and so on, and if the essays are not so fine in some respect as those of the eighteenth century they have characteristic excellences of their own. Where, for example, in all of that century would one find a discussion of patriotism and its relation to fighting morale as subtle and as sympathetic as that of E. E. Montague? Gibbon's reflections upon a somewhat similar subject are infinitely more majestic and he, unlike Mr. Montague, is a gigantic figure, but he could not think, feel or know some of the things familiar to a sensitive and intelligent modern. Again, the great scholars from Bentley to Porson told us many things about the classics, but there are things in Mr. D'Arcy W. Thompson's essay on "Aristotle" which neither could have said or known, and so it goes. The critic of the essay cannot be content with merely making a list of what we have lost; there are things also which we have added.

Criticism of an anthologist's choice of pieces is almost always silly and I shall make none except in saying that I think that Mr. Morley has been wise in choosing chiefly pieces which have not only thought and information but also color of their own. Mr. Morley has introduced each writer briefly and agreeably.

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A Man Who Did Right

MEMORIES. By the RIGHT HONORABLE VISCOUNT LONG. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1924. \$7.50.

Reviewed by WILBUR C. ABBOTT
Harvard University

EACH country produces its typical politician and statesman. In the United States it is the canal-boy to President, the Vermont farm to the White House, the mill-boy of the slashes to the State Department, the country lawyer to the Vice-Presidency. In France it is not dissimilar in these days. In Germany it is—or was—the Junker or the great nobleman or prince to Chancellor; and now the industrialist or labor leader to the Presidency. And for generations in England it was the country gentleman to whatever office in the state his talents and his opportunities permitted him to rise.

Of this last class Viscount—or, as he is better known, Walter—Long, who has now celebrated and commemorated his retirement from politics by the publication of his "Memories," is an eminent and characteristic example. He is, in a sense, the echo of a past or a passing generation rather than the typical figure of the present, much less the probable figure of the future. He represents a great tradition rather than a great aspiration. Yet when he and his kind pass from the stage of English politics, if they do, the world of English public affairs will be the poorer for their going.

He is peculiarly the type of man who always did the right thing. He began by being born right, as the heir of a great county family in the delectable district of Wiltshire, settled there for some centuries, and occupying two beautiful country-seats, Rood Ashton and South Wraxall Manor. He numbered among his ancestors that Walter Long who once assisted in holding down Speaker Lenthall in his chair on a somewhat strenuous crisis in the Civil War period of the House of Commons. His grandfather was English, his grandmother Scotch, his mother Irish; he spent the first twelve years of his life in Wales; he often visited his grandfather in Ireland; he spent his early winters in the south of France; he travelled in Canada and South Africa; and he seems to have hunted the fox in every quarter of the British Isles where that great adjunct to English country life was to be found or fostered. He thus acquired a wide acquaintance with his country and its empire.

He was sent to Harrow, where he distinguished himself correctly in what are called incorrectly in this country "outside activities." Thence he proceeded to Oxford, rightly enough to Christ Church. There he did all the right things. He hunted, he "ragged," he became a member, then president of the most aristocratic, exclusive and lively Bullingdon Club—and ultimately he took his degree. He had a very good time—not, indeed, that "perfect happiness" he experienced when Harrow, after five lean years, beat Eton at cricket, but still a good time.

Then he took up hunting seriously, varying the pursuit of the fox with that other great sport, coaching. He made throughout a wide acquaintance and a good impression; he proved a good man of business; above all, perhaps, he became a sincere and devoted Conservative; and when in 1878 that party decided to contest the "safe" Liberal seat of Marlborough, he seemed appointed by fate as the right man for the place. It proved that he was, for he was triumphantly returned—not, as it happened, for Marlborough, but for North Wilts. He became a member of the "Country Gentlemen Party," that admirable body which did its duty and made no speeches—indeed he records that hero who served a good part of a lifetime and never made a speech. Those were happy days.

He himself spoke, modestly and sensibly after the right pattern. He attracted the attention of the leaders. He became Parliamentary Secretary to the Local Government Board under Lord Salisbury in 1886. He became member for Liverpool in 1892. In 1895 he became President of the Board of Agriculture with a seat in the Cabinet. There he did the right thing; and in 1900 he was made President of the Local Government Board, whence in 1905 he was transferred to the Chief Secretaryship of Ireland. When the "dark days" of Unionism came after the 1906 election he went into opposition,

with his party, devoting his abilities to aid the fight against Home Rule.

When war came he was called into consultation at once by Lord Kitchener in regard to the man power of the country; he turned to the development of the yeomanry; he declined to enter the government, believing that the right thing was to help from the outside, but finally went to the Local Government Board, and in 1916 to the Colonial Office. There he promoted those Imperial conferences, and the Imperial War Cabinets, of such importance to the conduct of the war. He became *liaison* member of the cabinet for Ireland; and in 1917 he was given the important task of directing the provision of oil. Finally, in 1918, he left the Colonial Office and, with his health failing, expected to retire from public life. Then he was called to the Admiralty by the Coalition ministry, and there remained for two years of the demobilization.

Such is the story of Walter Long; such is the list of offices he held which mark the bounds of his life; such is the epic of the country gentleman in politics. It is easy to quote the old tag from Gilbert and Sullivan that "he polished up the door-knob so faithfully, That he became the ruler of the Queen's navee." It is not difficult to believe that the narrative of such a life would be unusually dull reading. One reader at least has been most agreeably disappointed. The simple narrative of the man who did the right things in the right way so far as his not inconsiderable talents and his sound judgment, his evidently amiable disposition and his capacity for administration served, is more than a mere biography. It is the chronicle of a class and a period which, told simply, clearly, not without humor and with much feeling, is to be classed with those volumes which illuminate an epoch. It is not merely the record of a past or passing generation. It seems to mark the end of an era. If you want to know what kind of men these who made that era were, you must read such books as these. If you want to read the most amusing account of a tour in Ireland which has ever come to the attention of a rather overread reviewer, you will not find any, in his opinion, which is in the same class with the one here fortunately immortalized in an appendix. If you want to understand a great side of English life, and penetrate the secrets of the heart of that section of English society which he represented, here it is. For, though he never rose to the great heights, Walter Long was one of the men who made history.

"Unheard Melodies"

"LOUDER PLEASE!" By EARNEST ELMO CALKINS. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press. 1924. \$2.50.

IT has been left for a deaf advertising man to interpret literally for the present generation, John Keats' most famous lines. He is aware of the heard melodies, because his affliction closed down on him in late youth. But, looking back from the farther side of the half century mark, he is not resignedly but delightfully aware of all the recompenses unheard melodies bring.

He calls his book somewhat misleadingly "Louder Please!" and subtitles it "The Autobiography of a deaf man." One is tempted genially to pass him the lie: for, although he shows clearly if reticently the difficulties of such physical handicap, there is even more of the zest of living. Life has played amply to his spirit ditties of no tone.

Ernest Elmo Calkins admits laughingly that his middle name was a heritage from his sentimental aunt, fascinated by Augusta J. Evans's immortal novel. But it was not until he had plowed through tracts, one syllable versions of the Old Testament, and wild ass of the desert experiments in mid-western education that he came upon such delectable reading. Fiction was forbidden him.

Yet the life which Mr. Calkins unfolds with keen observation, shrewd humor, and telling memory is much more interesting than a great majority of the works of fiction cast upon the world season after season. He belies himself in asserting that he has been suspicious and rebellious, unless all reading between the lines is fallacious. For out of this too restrained autobiography there is gradually built up the complete picture of a very kindly, discerning, tolerant gentleman, perhaps somewhat quixotic, with feet firmly planted on the earth and the same time

an innate entrenched spirituality of which business has not robbed him. He is considerably more than his modest claim: the least common multiple of the mediæval aggregation of ancestors and all the multitude between.

Certainly Mr. Calkins has seen and made allowance for his puritan ancestry and an admixture of wastrel. "One took life too hard," he declares, "the other took it too easily. The Boy took after neither but remained a sort of human cocktail with a jigger of rock-ribbed puritanism and a jigger of irresponsible liberalism, into which was introduced a dash of bitters. . . ."

The story of his youth includes some highly amusing strictures of educational troubles. His childhood was passed, moreover, in the Spoon River district of Illinois, and his observations and incidental background make an excellent corrective for the acid touch of Edgar Lee Masters.

Along with the chronicle of his increasing handicap and his struggles as printer, trade paper editor, advertising man, struggles social as well as industrial, Mr. Calkins infuses into his narrative a running fire of delightfully ironic comment by the way; religion, literature, art, and most of all living itself draw his attention. Thus of the New England element in middle western life he writes feelingly: "The poem says the Pilgrims left unstained what there they found, freedom to worship God—but they made it exceedingly uncomfortable for those who disagreed with them either about freedom or worship."

"Unlike the man who never ate strawberries for fear it would vitiate his taste for prunes," he writes elsewhere, "I was never able to get the taste of Milton out of my system sufficiently to appreciate, say 'The Waste Land.' And again: 'There was no such thing as art in the town where I grew up. On the walls of the parlor—two veritable oil paintings—were the kind that are painted in hundred foot strips and then cut up into three-foot lengths.'"

"Louder Please!" is far more than the record of difficulties overcome in the course of a busy life: it is a kind of motion picture of memories, impressions, and reflections as well, with capions drawn from a singularly rich inner life. And when Mr. Calkins comes to sum up the advantages and disadvantages of deafness at the end, he does not need to convince most of his readers that assets outweigh liabilities. Altogether he has written a very interesting addition to the too small list of really diverting biography.

A Super-Power Brain

CHARLES PROTEUS STEINMETZ. By J. W. HAMMOND. New York: The Century Co. 1924. \$4.

Reviewed by EDWIN E. SLOSSON
Director, Science Service

THE United States owes much to Prussia. Not merely because of her early recognition of our struggling republic but more because of the men of genius she has expelled to us. The late Dr. Steinmetz was one of the most valuable of such acquisitions. Not that he seemed such at first sight. In fact, under our present system of selective immigration, which is chiefly regulated by the map, the watch and the pocket-book, the penniless, ill-clad and incoherent hunchback who landed from the steerage at Castle Garden June 1, 1889, would not have been admitted at all, and thereby the United States would have been many million dollars the poorer. He could not have produced a certificate of good character from his last government. If such had been asked for, the Prussian police would have classed him as an escaped criminal since he had to leave his birthplace, Breslau, in the night to keep out of jail. He might indeed have been excluded nowadays as an undesirable citizen if the authorities had searched his scanty luggage and found the copy of "The People's Voice" in which he had announced its policy as "We don't know what the Government wants, but we disapprove of it." They also would have found an unpublished thesis "On Involuntary Selfreciprocal Correspondences in Space Which Are Defined by a Three-Dimensional Linear System of Surfaces of the *n*th Order." But whether this would be accounted as a suspicious document or as an equivalent of the alpha intelligence test would depend upon the intelligence of the inspector.

Yet Steinmetz not only became a great electrician but a good citizen. As President of the Board of Education, member of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, and President of the Common Council of Schenectady, he did good service to the city, and when in 1922 he ran for the office of State Engineer on the Socialist ticket, he received over 290,000 votes from his fellow-citizens. When asked to declare his policy in this campaign, he said "If elected, I should try to serve the people of New York state at least as faithfully as I have served the General Electric Company." This promise was esteemed sufficient to secure him the votes of thousands who regarded socialism as instigated by the devil, the Kaiser and Lenin. These votes were not enough to elect him, but, of course, he was indirectly serving the people of New York state, as well as the people of the rest of the world, when he was giving such brilliant service to the General Electric, and being a realist although a Socialist he doubtless realized it.

One reason why he was able to serve the world so well was because he kept so far ahead of it. When he was a student in Breslau University, he said to a friend: "You know electricity is now at the very dawn, but hark you, Jork, some day electricity will rule the entire world." When cars were run by direct currents he was working out the mathematical theory of alternating currents. When power was transmitted by currents of 75,000 volts, he was constructing transformers for 220,000 volts. When currents of 220,000 voltage were in vogue, he was experimenting with million-volt transmission. When coal was king, he prophesied its downfall. When workmen were demanding an eight-hour day, he was working for a four-hour day. When electric engines were displacing the steam locomotives on the railroads, he was inventing electric automobiles for highways. When power-plants were being constructed all over the country, he was planning a super-power project to include the whole country. And when he died last year he was just as far ahead of his age as when he began his career, which is more than can be said of all great men.

And his heart was as big as his brain, which also is more than can be said of all great men. He loved children and flowers and kittens, even Gila monsters. His only vices, according to this volume, were his fondness for cigars and Tarzan stories. The author has given us a good straightforward account of his life and character, and if the volume lacks the literary value and dramatic interest of the life of our other great immigrant electrician, Michael Pupin, that may largely be laid to the fact that it is a biography, not an autobiography.

Workers' Unrest

THE CAUSES OF INDUSTRIAL UNREST.
By JOHN A. FITCH. New York: Harper & Bros. 1924. \$3.

Reviewed by WINTHROP D. LANE

THE mechanic at his machine and the hod carrier under his load are more than a mechanic and a hod carrier. Each, in the way in which nature allows him, is a human being. Each dislikes to have his purposes thwarted. If you call either a liar, he may kick you. If you tell him that he is greedy, he will resent it. If you gently refer to him as a squint-eyed pig, he will very probably hit you in the face. Each likes to get married to a woman he loves. Each likes to have children created in his own—or a better—image; each wants his children to be happy and most of them want their children to be educated.

This being so, why should anybody expect an end to industrial unrest? Is there a limit to the aspirations of man? Industrial unrest is an expression of the eternal upward striving of the human race. The men and women who are spoken of as toilers set no confines to their hopes. They do not consider that because they attain a given level of wages, or a given length of work-day, or a given enjoyment of the comforts of this world, they are through aspiring, and that for the rest of their days they must now only turn wheels, attend to their jobs and regard themselves as having reached the highest status to which some kind of immutable code, imposed upon them from above, entitles them. Who ever heard of a capitalist fixing a limit to his wealth? Who ever heard of an artist fixing a limit to perfection? Who ever heard of a scientist fixing

a limit to human knowledge? Why should anybody expect a worker to fix a limit to the good things of this earth that he wants? The worker has the same set of impulses as other people, the same set of resentments, the same driving forces toward what he considers desirable. He will build on what he achieves. He will go on wanting more and more, and until we realize this we shall not understand the "labor problem."

The buyer is in a pretty constant state of unrest toward the seller, the tenant toward the landlord, and the politician toward the voter. The worker is likely to remain in a fairly continuous state of unrest toward society or his employer.

Mr. Fitch gives this case clearly. Mr. Fitch has spent some fifteen years as an investigator and student of labor affairs. For many years he was on the staff of the *Survey*, and now is a member of the faculty of the New York School of Social Work. He is one of those investigators who tantalize everybody, especially unfriendly employers, by being right. He does not make a hop-skip-and-jump diagnosis of an industrial *fracas*. He gets under the facts with a crowbar, writes a first story of his findings, submits it to both sides, and asks for corrections. Employers, unused to such treatment, are sometimes surprised. They come back at him, sometimes with new facts, occasionally with diatribe. He subjects their new facts to inquiry, and when his story is published it not only tells the important truth, but tells it in a way that nobody can attack. Mr. Fitch is temperamentally calm and judicial. He likes to look for human factors at the bottom of situations. He likes to probe psychology below the surface.

The industrial struggle revolves around certain fixed issues, and in this book Mr. Fitch looks at these in clear perspective. He traces the conflict over hours of labor. He examines the wage-earner's pocketbook and sees that the desire for more income is universal. He detects in unemployment and the fear of it a cause of industrial unrest. He proceeds from these economic factors to an analysis of unrest arising from the struggle itself—the unrest that anyone feels when he is told that he may not even try to get the things he wants. This is a very insidious form of unrest. To tell a worker that you will not pay him a dollar a week more is one thing, but to tell him that it is not his prerogative as a human being to ask for it is another. Opposition to unions, oppressive measures by employers, thwarting of tactics by workers that are ordinarily regarded as legitimate, the peculiar kind of power that comes when the employer owns the whole town, as mining towns—these and other factors that do not go to the merits of labor's desires but that are thrown up in the effort to attain those desires, are discussed by Mr. Fitch. He reviews the government in relation to unrest. He shows how the workers are irritated by certain policing methods, how laws, injunctions and judicial decisions sometimes exercise an effect upon the worker's state of mind far beyond their intrinsic importance as checks to his purposes. And he sketches the growing monotony of modern industrial processes, in which workers are not makers of interesting things but are punchers of holes, and finds in this monotony a further cause of an empty and dissatisfied state of mind; for this he believes that participation by them in the plans and decisions affecting their employment will be a partial remedy.

But his chief contribution is a restatement, fuller than is usually found, of the worker's substantial psychology. He does not forget the employer's point of view, and devotes many a page to the malicious, evil and careless acts of workers. But he is writing of the unrest of workers, and is primarily interested in interpreting that. The continuous nature of workers' unrest does not mean that the conflict between them and the employing groups need be as warlike as it has seemed in the past. Mr. Fitch offers no formula for peace "unless it be the formula of open discussion, free speech, tolerance toward unpopular views and an attitude of welcome toward new ideas." Whatever solutions to the riddle there may be, he says, "it is not likely that any of them will be discovered, still less the best one chosen, in anything but an atmosphere of freedom of thought and patient inquiry." His remedy is the remedy of understanding and enlightened self-interest.

The Indifferent Voter

NON-VOTING: CAUSES AND METHODS OF CONTROL. By CHARLES E. MERRIAM and HAROLD F. GOSNELL. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1924. \$2.50.

Reviewed by HERBERT C. PELL, JR.
Chairman Democratic State Committee

THIS is a very interesting analysis of a problem which is attracting a great deal of public attention at the present time. We are all familiar with statistics showing that half of the qualified voters do not go to the polls and that the successful candidate is on the average chosen by scarcely more than a quarter of the electorate.

The authors of this book have been the first to make a careful analysis of the reasons why so many of the voters do not bother to record their choice. The result of their research is as follows:

REASONS FOR NOT VOTING.	REASONS GIVEN BY NON-VOTERS		
	Singly	In Combination With Other Reasons	Singly and in Combination With Other Reasons
All reasons.....	4,654	1,444	6,098
<i>Physical Difficulties:</i>			
Illness.....	604	166	770
Absence.....	539	121	660
Detained by helpless member of family.....	106	14	120
<i>Legal and Administrative Obstacles:</i>			
Insufficient legal residence.....	389	91	480
Fear of loss of business or wages.....	226	170	396
Congestion at the polls.....	21	43	64
Poor location of polling booth.....	20	88	108
Fear of disclosure of age.....	8	8	16
<i>Disbelief in Voting:</i>			
Disbelief in woman's voting.....	252	253	505
Objections of husband.....	47	13	60
Belief that one vote counts for nothing.....	38	88	126
Disgust with politics.....	127	211	338
Disgust with own party.....	200	67	267
Belief that ballot box is corrupted.....	21	31	52
Disbelief in all political action.....	21	14	35
<i>Inertia:</i>			
General indifference.....	1,289	951	2,240
Indifference to particular election.....	130	23	153
Neglect: intended to vote but failed.....	379	298	677
Ignorance or timidity regarding elections.....	216	349	565
Failure of party workers.....	21	96	117

We may conclude safely that most of the cases of illness actually did prevent the elector voting and that a large proportion of the cases of absence and a certain proportion of those "detained by helpless member of family" were unavoidable.

Obviously, insufficient legal residence is a good excuse for not attempting to cast a ballot. Practically all of the other cases should be charged up to general indifference. Congestion at the polls, poor location of polling booth, or the fear of disclosure of age can hardly be said to constitute obstacles which any person in the least interested in public affairs would not readily overcome.

The third group headed Disbelief in Voting obviously shows indifference.

On the whole we can say that almost all the non-voters do not bother to cast a ballot because they take little interest in public affairs. A great part of the real work of any honest political leader is to overcome this inertia and to arouse a certain amount of interest among the citizens. We are not governed in this country by a majority of the whole people, but we are governed by a majority of that part of the people that considers the affairs of the Nation sufficiently momentous to justify its attention and that is willing to give a certain amount of thought to the country. That is the real beauty of a democracy. Any citizen, man or woman, rich or poor, may join the governing group and take a real part in national affairs. Those who take no interest in their government or who feel that their private business is more to them than the interests of the Nation are just as well off at home, but they should not complain if others appraise their rights no more highly than they do themselves. Those who have no time to give to the study of politics may readily look forward to an occasion when their business will be less engrossing.

There can be nothing more illogical and absurd than the attitude of a man who does not know even the name of his Representative in Congress and who nevertheless fills the air with volleys of complaint against the administration of municipality,

state and nation. In politics, as in everything else, the ignorant, careless and inattentive person is less likely to attain the object of his desire than is the citizen who thoroughly knows what he needs. In the long run, those who eat, drink, smoke or wear labels will get nothing but labels for their money. The same principle applies in government.

Four years ago, when I was running for Congress, a friend of mine overheard a conversation between two young women, one of whom announced that she would not vote for that man Pell because his moustache was too long. I have frequently told this story, and usually raised a laugh from the audience, but I believe that this girl was voting more intelligently than those who voted against me because Abraham Lincoln freed the slaves. If there were many voters like her we should get a clean shaven Congress, which is something, although not much. No matter how many there were of the other type it is more than improbable that we should get a Congress of Lincolns.

The solution of the question of non-voting is not to discover some method which will compel the physical presence of electors at the polls, but one which will increase the interest taken by the citizens at large. We hear a great deal of the danger of the ignorant vote, but we can be quite certain that the ignorant vote, which is dangerous, is not the vote of people too dull to form a conclusion. This vote carries no weight because it is neither numerous nor influential. The real danger comes from the stupid vote of people unwilling to think and who know no more about the practical questions of government in their own localities than they do of those in Hongkong, and for exactly the same reason. It is this part of the community which is so easily deceived by catchwords or punning phrases. Some years ago there was running around the country the phrase: "Don't burn down the barn to get rid of the rats." This phrase, coined by some of the leaders of the rats, was circulated vigorously by the insects that live on them. Coming from such a source, the phrase could not have carried much appeal to thoughtful citizens, but it certainly had its part in forming the opinions of a respectable but careless mass of electors.

In my opinion an undue proportion of the indifferent voters belongs to the better educated and more prosperous classes of the community. It seems an extraordinary thing that men and women who owe so much to the country should be unwilling to give its affairs their serious consideration. It is certainly stupid for a class of citizens which has so great a stake in our government to refuse to consider governmental matters with any real attention. It is a proverb among politicians that what the individual officeholder chooses to do for the business community is as much an act of charity as giving a quarter to a beggar. There is little to hope for from their gratitude or to fear from their resentment. We know that the average business man will not give any attention to what we have tried to do for him. We can not count on his aid if we have tried to serve him. It is a safe thing to say that the average business man does not consider the qualifications of his candidate for Congress with as much attention as he would the qualifications of a candidate for office boy.

We must realize that we are governed by the attentive citizens and that the indifferent will in the long run get just that consideration which they give.

Count Caloveglia

LITERARY STUDIES AND REVIEWS. By RICHARD ALDINGTON. New York: The Dial Press. 1924. \$2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN PEALE BISHOP

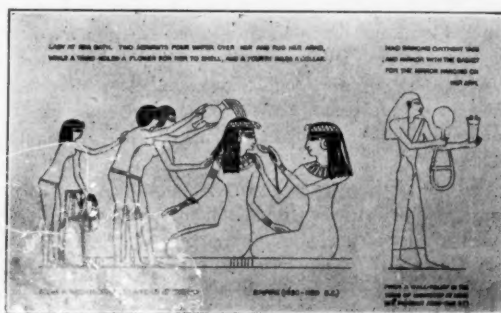
HERE is no art without originality; there is not originality without personality. And a man's personality is developed, altered, moulded as much by the books he reads as by the friends he frequents. A man's library reveals him nearly as much as his wife. Mr. Aldington has not admitted us to his library; but what he has done is as gracious and more informing. He has invited us, as it were, to sit down in the open, under an Italian rather than an English sky, and having made us comfortable there has had some twenty books brought out from the house and opening them one by one has added his commentary.

They make a high and varied pile, these volumes: the Idylls of Theocritus, Italian pastorals, Landor's "Hellenics," the poems of Ronsard, Du Bellay and

T. S. Eliot; French satires, letters and memoirs; "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu," Mr. Joyce's "Ulysses."

The talk may run on the books themselves; it may, as in the case of the Prince de Ligne, when Mr. Aldington feels that the royal and noble author is more remarkable as a person than as a writer, run rather to anecdote; always it is measured, intelligent, politely skeptical; above all it is rich in charm, "the charm of an exquisite and amiable and rather *malin* personality." The last phrase is one which Mr. Aldington applies to Saint Evremont; it is like so many of the phrases in which he sums up the impression which one of his characters makes on him, immediately applicable to the man who is speaking. Indeed, when the talk is done, perhaps only when it is done, we are aware that what Mr. Aldington has accomplished is not so much twenty distinct sketches of other men and women as a handsome portrait of himself. In each of the books which has been under his hand, his finger has remained longest on those passages which have to do with his own desires, repulsions and regrets.

The picture which one forms is fairly complete. It is, if you will, an ideal portrait. The curious thing about it is that we are immediately reminded that we have seen something extraordinarily like it before. In fact, it resembles to a quite amazing degree the Count Caloveglia of "South Wind." I do not remember that Mr. Douglas ever allows the Count to indulge in a conversation on literature; but one can be quite sure that if ever the old Italian aristocrat took it into his head to discuss books, it would be much after this fashion. He too would avoid the library and have us sit down on the terrace overlooking the Tyrrhenian sea, growing dark under an air that held the evening star, Bion's "gold light of the lovely foam-born," and the well-man-



LADIES AT THEIR TOILETS

From "The Customs of Mankind." By Lillian Eichler. (Nelson Doubleday.)

nered, dark-haired servant boy that brought out the books would also bring wine, wine that was like the talk, not Vesuviano, which would be too sulphurous, nor Asti, too ostentatiously sparkling, but a mild, aged, golden Orvieto.

The resemblance is of course ideal. Mr. Aldington has not, I know, the Count's years, and though I remember Mr. Ezra Pound telling me once about an extraordinary cloak which his friend used to wear about London, I don't think he said anything of moustaches in the manner of Umberto Primo. But certainly if the Count Caloveglia had gone in for letters instead of for sculpture, he would have talked like this. He, too, would have upheld the order and calm of the Mediterranean culture against the Northern extravagance, would have enjoyed the *verve* and vigorousness of the speech in "L'Espadon Satyrique," the pleasant bawdiness of Peele, and at the same time have felt, rather intensely, that Mr. Joyce's "Ulysses" was a libel on humanity. He would have shown himself erudite without affectation, witty without being caustic, familiar within the limits of courtesy. For the old Italian was, like Mr. Aldington, a conscious aristocrat.

Such people are the most delightful companions in the world, so delightful that it seems unmannerly to insist upon their faults. Perhaps after all it is not their faults that are annoying, but their limitations. "What is all wisdom," Mr. Douglas makes the Count say, "save a collection of platitudes." Well, one may admit that, and yet be aware that from time to time the occasion arises when all the world's wisdom explains nothing. Mr. Aldington can give us Mme. de Maintenon beautifully in less than a paragraph: "She is far too prudent and virtuous and ultimately successful to be moving, in spite of her romantic vicissitudes; she is so much the perfect governess and cultivated attendant—a kind of Jane Eyre on a royal scale. She seems to have been born to conduct youth, age and infirmity upon the paths of duty and reason, at no time in

her life, not even when she was only Mme. Scarron or Françoise d'Aubigné, in the least yielding to weaknesses, however amiable." But he is blind to the splendor—to me so admirable—which attends Louis XIV's magnification of the King. And when he comes to the terrible *taedium vitae* under whose weight the aging Mme. du Deffand endlessly complained, we find him explaining it, with an ease that is to say the least surprising, as the "price of selfishness and 'fashion' and elegant vices." Then, as if this were not inadequate enough, he goes on to say, "The natural and sober sentiments are very easily mocked at and easily discarded as useless, antique and encumbering, yet they appear essential to happiness. Who but a person of more vanity than sense would exchange happiness for reputation or notoriety?" As a general observation on human affairs this is, I suppose, sound enough; but as an explanation of Mme. du Deffand's desire merely not to live it seems as if Mr. Aldington desired not so much to explain as to explain away.

This instinct for order, this desire for measure in all things, is admirable; there is nothing one can say against it except that, inevitably, it imposes certain limitations on the understanding. This is evident in the case of Mr. Lytton Strachey who, for all his detachment, cannot help showing that he has little patience with characters that are extravagant and bizarre, even when, like Blake, they happen to have genius. Mr. Aldington is more moderate in manner, at once less cruel and less vigorous than Mr. Strachey. When he shows us the photograph of Victor Hugo "in an ecstatic pose with half-shut eyes, inscribed in the poet's handwriting: 'V. Hugo écoutant Dieu,'" he is quick to add, lest even for a moment he should be unjust, that the author of "La Légende des Siècles," for all his bombast, ignorance and silly pretentiousness, was as a poet capable of magnificent passages.

It is inevitable, I suppose, that one should compare Mr. Aldington with Mr. Strachey when he is dealing with characters rather than with books (I would not in the least wish to suggest that Mr. Aldington is one of the increasing multitude of Mr. Strachey's imitators; what they have in common is shared rather than borrowed one from the other, whatever similarities of style may exist are due to their both having been trained in the same school); it is not so inevitable that the purely critical portions of "Literary Studies and Reviews" should be compared to T. S. Eliot's "Sacred Wood," and yet, for various reasons, that is what one is tempted to do, not only in those essays where such a comparison is fair, but even where it is not.

In my own case I am impelled to do this chiefly, I suppose, because I know from Mr. Eliot's writings that he and Mr. Aldington are practically in agreement as to the qualities it is desirable that poetry should possess. Besides, Mr. Aldington in the first essay of the book refers to Saint Beuve's avowal that his purpose in writing the "Tableau" was that of "attaching these studies of the sixteenth century to the literary and poetic questions of our own day," adding to this his own opinion that "nearly all fertile criticism is written with such an intention." Mr. Eliot's prose style is comparatively graceless, a bare "presentation of ideas;" but he does manage, when dealing with the poets of the past, to deal with them not so much as figures of the past but as poets. In his essay on the blank verse of Marlowe, for example, he concentrates not on those qualities in Marlowe's poetry which are most individual or simply the result of the taste of the Elizabethan age, but on those which belong to it as living poetry, and which, presumably, it would be both possible and desirable for modern poets to regain. And this is what Mr. Aldington, in his studies of Ronsard, Du Bellay and Landor does not do. His emphasis is rather on those qualities which have stood in the way of their being appreciated at their full worth in an age which has other tastes and other desires than their own. He gives good reason to those who like himself delight to extend their minds into the past for reading Ronsard; he does not suggest that Ronsard has been of any such immediate use to him as he has obviously been to Jean Cocteau during the months which preceded the composition of "Plain-Chant."

In order that the comparison with Mr. Eliot should be perfectly fair, I should say no doubt that after all Mr. Aldington is not dealing with figures of the same size as appear in the "Sacred Wood," not with Dante, Marlowe and Shakespeare, but with minor masters and the "forgotten great." Indeed, one is inclined to believe that several of

his antiquities are fake. But that is only another point of resemblance between him and the Count Caloveglia, whose Locri Faun had been approved by experts as being a Greek work of the best period. Of course, the old Count knew it for a fake, having made it himself. Neither is Mr. Aldington deceived. In fact, it is he himself who has pointed out that all we had most admired in Du Bellay is copied from the little known work by Italian poets.

Lacking Mr. Strachey's malice, he is incapable of Mr. Strachey's distortions, or of any such fabrication as that short pair of legs which were especially made for Dr. Arnold when he was presented as an Eminent Victorian; fair-minded, he is also incapable of resorting to any of those rather dubious tricks by means of which Mr. Strachey induces Truth to leave her well. More gracious than Mr. Eliot, more mindful of the reader's pleasure, he is without Mr. Eliot's rather laborious courage. In dealing with books, as in dealing with men, there is always a place where he falls back, unwilling to go beyond the point where urbanity is of avail. There is not an essay in the book which is not all right as far as it goes; there are only one or two that seem to go far enough. Perhaps as an aristocrat of the mind, all excess is distasteful to him, any obscure groping in the dark undignified.

French Composers

MODERN FRENCH MUSIC. By EDWARD BURLINGAME HILL. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1924.

Reviewed by HENRY T. FINCK

THE most prominent of contemporary French writers on music, Romain Rolland, frankly remarked in 1905 that he had never concealed his preference for German music. At the same time he held that French art was "in the act of taking the place of German art."

This remark was made about the time when a strong opposition to German and other foreign influences was beginning to show itself in Paris. These foreign influences had long held sway. Gluck, Meyerbeer and Offenbach had dominated the French stage; and, before the Germans came, several Italians: Lully, Cherubini, Rossini and Spontini had ruled. Finally came the giant Wagner, before whom nearly all the Frenchmen prostrated themselves. There was a special *Révue Wagnérienne* to which eminent men of letters and artists contributed; in the words of Romain Rolland, "from 1885 Wagner's work acted directly or indirectly on the whole of artistic thought, even on the religious and intellectual thought of the most distinguished people in Paris."

He admits that Wagner's influence helped considerably to forward the progress of French art and aroused a love for music in people other than musicians; but a reaction was bound to come—a reassertion of patriotic principles. The gems of Rameau and Couperin, and other French antiques, were brought to light again in special editions and performances, and the young composers deliberately set out to write things untainted by anything not Gallic. They didn't quite succeed, for, while running away from the German and Italian masters, they fell in with the Russians. Still, they accomplished much that may claim to be distinctly Parisian, creating a new phase of French tonal art.

The situation is certainly interesting and one does not wonder that Professor Hill found it so alluring as to devote a volume to it. He has lectured on modern French music to the French themselves at Lyons and Strasbourg, as well as at Harvard and in Boston, and his book betrays a thorough mastery of his subject. It is indispensable to writers on contemporary art and to all who wish to be informed as to French music from the days of Gounod, Bizet, Saint-Saëns and Massenet to the latest "polyharmonic" and "atonal" iconoclasts, with Fauré, Debussy, Ravel and others as connecting links.

The number of modern French composers who have made a name for themselves is surprisingly large. To mention only a few besides those already named: Bordes, Bruneau, Chabrier, Charpentier, Chausson, Dubois, Dukas, Duparc, Franck, Guiraud, Honegger, d'Indy, Lalo, Magnard, Milhaud, Pierné, Rabaud, Roger-Ducasse, Repart, Roussel, Satin, Schmitt, Séverac, Vidal—these two dozen names, with the others given above, make up a galaxy of individualities explaining the prediction of Romain Rolland that French art would take the place in publicity of German art.

Professor Hill endorses this opinion. To the impartial observer, he writes, German music has suffered an obvious decline after a period of unquestioned leadership extending over a century and a half. On the other hand, since the Franco-Prussian War, and to a large extent on account of it, "French music has made almost incredible advances in technical mastery, originality, subtlety of expression, and above all in embodying national characteristics."

The fly in this flattering patriotic unction is the Russian influence just referred to. "Rimsky-Korsakov wrote some ultra-Debussy songs in 1866," says Henri Gauthiers-Villars. The whole tone scale, which colors Debussy's music, was used before the time of Bach by Schütz, to characterize "the ways of the ungodly." Liszt used it in 1854, Dargomizhky fifteen years later. Nor was Debussy the pioneer in the modern use of the mediæval church modes. Berlioz, Saint-Saëns, Gounod, Massenet and Bruneau employed them for contrast with our modern harmonies in major and minor.

The fact that Debussy specialized in such oddities, as well as in exotic elements derived from gypsy and Asiatic music, does not make his music characteristically French; nor, surely, are his lack of melodic invention and the feministic, unvirile style of nearly all his works specifically Gallic. But the skilful combination of all these things gave his work a striking individuality. The younger musicians of France rendered him the homage of imitation, which soon spread to other countries, particularly England; and, to add a comic touch, Russian musicians got back via France peculiarities they might have found in the works of their predecessors at home.

Undoubtedly, Debussy will live longest by his works for pianoforte. In the words of Professor Hill, he "gradually evolved a pianistic style which was flexible, brilliant and poetic, but above all original. From the diverse standpoints of new technical figures, a fresh treatment of sonority through a distinctive use of the pedals and expressive effects, it was profoundly innovative." He enriched the resources of his instrument "as no one had done since Chopin."

Much as has been written about Debussy, the pages on his music in this book are probably the most illuminating thus far printed. Admirers of Ravel—many of us are not admirers—will also find much to please them in what the author has to say about his works. He finds it in his heart to say kind things even about the scholarly but uninspired d'Indy. Fauré is exalted not only as a creator but as one who anticipated some of the peculiarities of Debussy and his followers. Another feather in Fauré's cap is that it was not till he became Director of the Conservatoire (1905) that young French composers of non-operatic tendencies were received with genuine sympathy.

This predilection for the concert hall is indeed one of the most notable things about the contemporary French school, or schools, of music. Up to the time of Massenet, who was professor of composition at the Conservatoire, the predilections of the French were almost as preponderantly operatic as was the case in Italy. Massenet was a great melodist, which explains why he remains to this day in France the most popular of operatic composers. Of his many prominent pupils, Charpentier was the most successful because he, too, had the rare gift of melody. It may seem mean to say it, but doubtless one reason why so many modern French (and other) composers have turned to instrumental composition is that concert-goers are more lenient than operatic audiences, which make short work of composers who do not bring them tunes.

It is to be feared that the pages of painstaking description which our author devotes to the latest phase of French music are labor lost so far as this country is concerned. Satie, Milhaud, Honegger and the others who try to substitute cubism and cacophony for the things most liked in the music of the past are little more than clever imitators of Strauss, Schönberg and Stravinsky; their works will never be greatly admired on this side of the Atlantic. Indeed, it is quite safe to assert that for a long time to come the modern French composers dearest to American music-lovers will be the melodists to whom Professor Hill devotes his early chapters: Gounod, Bizet, Saint-Saëns and Massenet. They still await their peers among the writers of concert music. Debussy would have ranked with them had he possessed the gift of melody, cruelly denied him by fate. But he did wonders without it.

Jennifer Lorn

(With apologies to ELINOR WYLIE)

I.

STEEL AND LEMONS

THE Honourable Gerald Boneyarde sat in a great arm chair in the attitude since popularized by the pencil of Maclise in his drawing of the senectuous and moribund Talleyrand. Upon his frustrate and osseous knees, bent at an acute and projecting angle, rested his astringent and maleficent wrists from which dangled his palmate and predatory hands, whose emaciate and prehensile fingers vied in macilency with his thin and bony nose.

His hatchet face, frequently and lavishly maculate with freckles, was as yellow as a primrose. His eyes, of such singular and protrusive prominence as to merit the epithet pop, were closed. He opened them with a delicately demascened oyster knife, whose ivory handle was carved in amorphous convolutions and looked straight out of the window at a young girl, whom he now saw for the first time.

She was reclining with Recamier-like grace upon a stark and silent mausoleum; her hair, the color of marmalade confected of the oranges of old Spain and the gooseberries of Devon, looped and curled in ringlets like aureate vermicelli. Her eyes toned boots of singular elegance; her feet and were dark, contrasting strangely with a pair of buttefeatures were alike charmingly inadequate. Her tiny chryselephantine teeth nibbled a rococo-nut.

Jennifer Lorn was the daughter of the Earl of Tam-Borine and his wife, formerly the Honourable Clarinet Violon-Cello. From her mother's dressing table she derived a complexion of rouge and cold-cream. She had her mother's teeth and eyebrows, carelessly left lying upon the opalescent malachite grand piano. From her father she had taken his eyes and hair.

The dignified and disfigured Earl and his partially demolished and almost demented wife, were now wandering disconsolate through the vast and echoing passages of their gloomy though ancestral hall, emitting shrill and discordant cries of discontent.

"My God!" said Gerald as with a single and solitary stride he passed from the room through the delicate tracery of the rose window, whose painted and perfumed glass thinly tinkled in a crystal shower around him as he emerged. He swooped down upon the girl and lifted her as if she had been a doll; she dangled in his arms, a dainty marionette. With a movement so adroit as to seem inevitable he swung her through the window and deposited her upon a carved chimney-piece.

"My child," he said, in a voice like steel and lemons. "I am about to marry you but first, as I am inordinately fond of reading aloud, I intend reading to you the new Encyclopaedia, bound in purple crushed Levant, which my Paris bookseller has sent me. You will especially attend to the chapters on Alligator Pears and Avocats in the first volume, on Hydropathy and Hyenas in the sixth and on Xerxes and Xylophones in the sixteenth. In view of our approaching marriage, they will be of especial interest to you."

He reclined in lavish languor upon the top of a bookcase; his right foot negligently engaged a branch of the swift and silent chandelier of ormolu and rock-candy, the left with graceful ease rested upon a golden girandole on the opposite wall. His low and somewhat sibilant voice caressed the French words affectionately but failed to pronounce them correctly.

When Jennifer awoke three weeks later, she found that they had been married and were on their way to India.

II.

MAROON MOROCCO

A severe and unjustified storm had set in; the inordinately prodigious seas of the Bay of Biscay toyed with the vessel as if it had been a very small mouse in the power of an athletic and intoxicated cat.

Jennifer was tossed about her cabin, now here, now there, now some other place; again and again and frequently once more her frail and well nigh inanimate form knocked the paint off the woodwork, which had been colored a robin's-nest blue with delicate stripes of exactly the same shade.

The crew shocked by the uncouth antics of the storm was gathered in a vicious circle around the

mainmast. Gerald sprang out of the cabin into the ink-black pandemonium of the elements; he bore in his arms a vast and towering pile of books.

"Arrange yourselves, my men," he shouted, "I am about to read to you the complete works of Monsieur Voltaire in thirty volumes, bound in maroon morocco, with my arms tattooed on the covers or the covers tattooed on my arms, I have forgotten which, nor does it indeed much matter. 'Twill serve to distract you and calm your fears."

The crew felt that, as self-respecting seamen, they should not permit anyone but their captain to tell them bed-time stories, but when they saw this tall devil leaping with satirical saltations about the deck, his high and bony nose emitting acrimonious imprecations, they were terrified into submission.

The milk-white dawn, shimmering upon the glassy surface of a thoroughly cowed ocean, glimpsed a striking scene; thirty hardy and distracted sailors writhed in agony in a vast and tangled heap on the hard and oaken deck, while over them impended a flexible and tenuous figure, emitting with petulant and morbid stridency the magic words of the last paragraph of the complete works of M. Voltaire.

III.

AN ASTHMATIC LIZZIE

Jennifer lay upon a divan amid the ambrosial hangings and hyaline arabesques of her new home. Before her stood a slim and languid youth of perhaps nineteen summers; his beryl eyes rested with cydonian frankness upon her.

"Who are you, little beloved?" he cried breathlessly.

"I am Lady Jennifer Boneyarde," she murmured unable to withdraw her gaze from his aristocratic and feline features. "And who are you, if I may be permitted a personal question? Come sit beside me, hold my hand and kiss me occasionally while you relate your ornate and incredible history."

"To put it briefly," said he, doing as he was bid, "I am the cook."

"How embarrassing!" she murmured absently, coiling her slender fingers in his anthosmial ringlets. "I am afraid dinner will be late today."

"Suffice it to say, moreover," he lisped "I am a disinherited prince."

"Finger or foot?" she queried "But it matters not, it matters not. Is the culinary department of this establishment well supplied with the latest cook-books, *mon prince de cuisine*?"

"And if it were or were not," said he, "It were of little import for alas! my gentle and froward gazelle, I cannot read."

"You cannot — what?" cried Jennifer in a strangled voice sitting suddenly bolt upright and regarding him with wide and staring eyes. "You cannot read? You cannot read?"

"I cannot read," he repeated sadly.

"Then," she whispered wildly "It must inevitably be that you have never acquired the habit of reading aloud. Listen to me, O princely cook or cookly prince, whichever you may be; though I am the wedded wife of the Honourable Boneyarde, your employer, I am not irretrievably committed to that relationship."

"On behalf of your employer, my husband that is about to have been, I discharge you from your menial position. Here are ten years wages in lieu of a month's notice. Purchase therewith a camel, elephant, zebra, giraffe, palanquin, flivver or other suitable beast of burden, according to the custom of the country. Also procure food for the excursion and for us. We are about to depart on a perilous journey having in our charge the lives of two valuable passengers, the Wells Fargo Express and the United States mail. If attacked by hostile Indians, spare neither whip nor shot. Drive on, driver, God speed!"

An hour later, under the confused and somber rays of a gibbous moon, a small and asthmatic lizzie with two passengers might have been seen exuding spasmodically from the postern gate of the compound. Suddenly there broke upon the languid ear of night a series of sounds as of the conch-marian horns of the reboantic norns, which drowned even the stertorous and laboured breathing of the Elizabethan vehicle.

"Hearken, O ye heavenly luminaries and you my culinary companion" cried Jennifer "That—that is my former husband reading *Candide* aloud to his now doubtless already moribund butler."

—CHRISTOPHER WARD.

The BOWLING GREEN

Julie

THIS is Julie's afternoon off. At three o'clock the old coachman, with curly, white mustaches, clicks the latch of the garden gate. Julie is ready, in her best black apron and the black felt slippers. Her mysterious little packages, treasures accumulated during the past four weeks, are handed up to Monsieur Lecellier with the warning that they are *bien fragile*. A hat that Titania has given her; some bits of barley-sugar and a baby's dress—for the children of her six nephews who own a fishing smack in common; the chintz-covered bottom of a broken trunk tray that has greatly taken her fancy, and the elephant teapot (with his trunk for spout) that Monsieur and Madame brought her from Paris. These, and other small increments, she asks me to inspect, so that I may be assured nothing is exported that does not belong to her. I have tried to persuade Julie it is not necessary to ask our permission every time she wants to eat anything. Accustomed to the manners of American servants, the first time Julie asked if I would permit her to take "a morsel of bread with some butter," I thought it was irony. But far from it. Julie cannot eat or drink with relish until she has had specific assent from above for every item. She used to bring her plate into the dining room, asking me to put her food on it for her. But I suppose we have debauched her by our constant cry, "Toujours, Julie, vous prendrez tout ce qu'il vous faut."

The hat that Julie is taking with her will go, presumably, to one of her grandnieces; for Julie, when she wears anything on her head, carries the white linen coiffe of the region. The elephant teapot, I surmise, will lead a carefully guarded life. "Voici, Julie," said Monsieur and Madame, "c'est un peu symbolique, cela servira pour vous faire penser de la famille américaine qui était comme un éléphant sur vos mains." But it is always dangerous to touch the sentimental note with Julie, to hint at possible partings. With sudden wetness in her fierce blue eyes she vows that she would not dream of using her elephant teapot. "It's sacred," she says. "It's going in a little corner that I know of." To ease the moment one has rapid recourse to stratagem. "Dans les soirs d'hiver, Julie, vous pourrez prendre votre tilleul dans l'éléphant." Julie knows that when *tilleul* is mentioned it is the signal for a laugh. *Tilleul*, a kind of tea made of lime-leaves, is her favorite infusion. It smells and tastes like a fragrant hayloft in summer, and she recommends it for every bodily weakness. Monsieur, however, mocks himself of it. Never mind, she says; in fifteen years you will be glad to have recourse to that good *tilleul*.

She climbs into the carriage, gasping a little as she balances on one foot, and drives proudly away to town, to see her two older sisters and tell the latest news of her strange American *patrons*. Only once a month can Julie be persuaded to take a couple of hours off, and then chiefly because she has to visit her *propriétaire*, to pay the rent of "the little corner she knows of." Her wages mustn't be given her until she is all ready to embark; she might lose them. The small black purse is firmly gripped in that strong, laborious hand. Her fine golden-gray head is grandly erect as Monsieur Lecellier drives to town. Life is rich in comely humors, and it happens that Lecellier is her next-door neighbor in the rue Saint Jean. And to be driven up that cobbled lane, arriving in triumph with her bundles, must be good medicine for many days of distress in a long, hard life. What fun it would be, did manners permit, to follow her and see exactly what happens.

In two hours Julie will be back, and come hurrying over to the nearby *chaumière* (forgetting, in her innocent eagerness, that it is forbidden ground: c'est là que Monsieur écrit son livre). She is anxious to see if Monsieur and Madame are still alive and well after two dangerous hours unmastiffed; and to report that her sister has sent a present of three pots of jelly. "Ce pauvre Monsieur! Il n'a jamais assez de confiture."

How can I tell you about Julie? It cannot be done. But since we live by attempting the impossible, I can take a few symptoms of her vivid human

decency. Where shall we begin, then? At the very bottom, with her feet.

It is the sound of those valiant feet, their busy shuffle to and fro, that I think of most affectionately. Towards the middle of the afternoon, when the white canvas sandals are discarded for the soft felt slippers, Julie's feet begin to play an important part in the household. An occasional groan is heard. Then it is not amiss to suggest: Julie, you had better repose yourself a few minutes and drink a little *tilleul*. This has to be said rapidly, round the corner of the door, or Julie may want to show them to you. Once I didn't get away fast enough (it is amazing how rapidly she can get started on a conversation) and there they were. "Ce sont bien propres," she exclaimed; and indeed they were like ivory. How that does good, she rejoiced, treading them about on the cold stone flags. When one has sixty-four (years, she means) one has *mal aux pieds*. But unless you daily suggest it, Julie will not repose herself even for five minutes. From before six in the morning until after ten at night, those faithful members are on the go. Perhaps it is along the garden paths, where her fury of washing covers every rosebush with blanching linen; perhaps it is on the road to the farm round the corner, where on muddy days her sabots go clapping for eggs and milk.

Let's try the other end of the picture. Julie is a champion talker. She loves noise. Doors close like artillery; plates come down on the table with a crash. Anything done silently rather frightens her: if you open the kitchen door without preliminary voice or footfall, she whoops with alarm. When our tiny *salle à manger* is packed for *déjeuner*—Monsieur and Madame, three children and Made-moiselle—the din is unbelievable. Every dish is placed with commentary and suggestion. Sometimes Julie tries heroically to restrain herself, for occasionally she has a faint surmise that Madame would relish a little less clamor; but then she hears something said (in our atrocious French) that interests her. She puts her adorable old head on one side, lays a finger against her nose, and waits—with all the excitement of a pleading dog—to catch my eye. This roguish gesture is irresistible. I look up (if I didn't she would leave the room in tears) and she begins to volley foghorns of talk. At last Titania finds an opportunity to ask for the spoons. "Ah, je vous fais mal de service!" the good creature exclaims, conscience-smitten. We all hold our breaths, thinking now we are settled for a moment. But the urchiness takes this opportunity to try a few words of French, and Julie bursts into a shout of applause. "Ah qu'elle est jolie, ma petite cocotte adorée, ah qu'elle est mignonne!" Titania knows, wisely enough, that Julie is not one of those who can be compressed into the rigid mold of conventional domestic service. I only wish it were possible, without offense, to reproduce some of her more excellent ejaculations—on the virtues of stewed figs or (anatomically gestured, on her own person) the dangers of bicycle riding.

How happy an artist would be if he could get Julie on canvas. He'd have to do it while she's shelling the beans outside the kitchen door, almost the only time she could hold a pose. Though I'd like to have her as she's vigorously swinging the lettuce in a little wire basket, shaking the water from the leaves. Her handsome blonde head is bent forward, her strong white forearms flash in the sunlight, she rocks a little on her big haunches. I hope I haven't given an impression of a humble, respectful creature: Julie is a true Norman sea-wife, with the stubborn pride and thrift of a rocky coast and the sea-wife's horror of storms. "Fermes bien les portes," is her last cry every night as she toils up to the attic. "Nous aurons du vent. Un triste temps!" In spite of her horror of frogs (they come hopping into the house every evening, from the garden) she will go out to pick pears in the dark and sit late to cook them, having heard a chance remark that stewed pears would be nice for breakfast. Her merciless tirade can be heard a hundred yards down the road if she imagines that the *épicié* has not given Madame his best and at the lowest price. Yet a word of reproach can fill her with black despair. She is one of those who will suffer anything for love, but not raise a hand for coercion.

One who has always known England much better than France finds it specially interesting to see these Norman types so akin to the English in form and spirit. In the very look of their villages one seems to see the knotty cradle from which so much of England sprang.

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Books of Special Interest

Among the Malagasy

FIFTY YEARS IN MADAGASCAR. By
JAMES SIBREE. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1924. \$4.

Reviewed by DAVID MCCORD

FIFTY years of Christian labor among the Malagasy people generate, undoubtedly, an adequate fund of potential material for a volume on the subject. That Dr. Sibree has come to his task with the security of other Madagascar tomes behind him is encouraging for the reader. Yet "Fifty Years in Madagascar" for the average man must appear as a whole a rather wearisome winding of small events, the quiet, churchy chronicle pursuing its leisurely way. There is no denying, on the other hand, that this same intimate and benevolent style is well suited to the author's thought. Save for the chapters on the French conquest of Madagascar, Dr. Sibree follows his original thesis of describing "various aspects of Church and Christian life among the Malagasy people" and is not so much concerned with the larger problems of island society as with the spiritual life of his immediate charges, and the moral, educational and social demands of locale.

In himself, he is over and over again a latter-day John Wesley, traveling now on horseback, now by native transportation, from one unpronounceable village to another, possessing true Wesleyan attributes: "... and many were the books I studied during those long journeys." Or, he is the kindly pastor, preaching in an alien tongue, translating the Bible, patiently toiling for the spread of the gospel; or the builder, shoulder to shoulder with native artisans, erecting a mission church; or the topographer (in his youth in England he had been articled pupil to a civil engineer), "the first to make (in 1867) a sketch-map of the country around Antananarivo"; or the college principal, heading for twenty-five years the London Missionary Society College, also in Antananarivo; or, indeed, the explorer, pushing into the more remote provinces where Christian teaching has not effectually penetrated, if at all.

As he fills these varying appointments, the author discourses easily enough, in simple language, of diurnal pleasure and trial. He draws a tenuous, never sharp, picture of the Malagasy: a simple, fairly intelligent, morally awakening individual. He touches on the landscape, we regret, only in a scattering manner. He is over-fond of anecdote, and indulges in lengthy exposition of the receptivity of the native for Christian law, or the English attitude in contradistinction to the French on missionary work. "Probably," he concludes, "most French officials in Madagascar would like to see us out of the country."

It is all, at best, piecemeal writing. The most valuable portion of it, we should hazard, is the enlightenment on superstition and primitive worship, the accounts of martyrdom before and during the last half century, native abilities in oratory and music, and further matters appealing to those of an anthropological turn of mind. For the merely curious layman, there is considerable akin to apathy.

Court Life in China

TWO YEARS IN THE FORBIDDEN CITY. By Princess DER LING. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1924. \$3.

Reviewed by CHUNGSHU KWEI

THE popularity of the Chinese version of this book, which immediately preceded the Chinese Revolution of 1911, dismisses any serious doubt of its authenticity as a portrayal of the Manchu court life under the late Empress Dowager and justifies a second edition of it in the English language. Not only does this book reveal one of the most extraordinary personalities to the Chinese as well as the foreigners, but also it opens a new vista through which students of history may view with greater understanding the disintegration and downfall of the Manchu dynasty.

As a result of two years' attendance at Court as the First Lady-in-Waiting and the daily companion of Her Majesty, Princess Der Ling presented in this book her intimate observations of the customs and atmosphere of the Court in a rather detached manner because, as she wrote, "at heart I was a foreigner, educated in a foreign country" (France) and, let it be added, an American citizen by marriage.

Frankly, this book is nothing more than an unconventional diary of the writer's first

year at Court and in consequence lacks systematic presentation. Doubtless a clearer comprehension would be gained if she adhered strictly to her plan of dealing with each topic by itself without irrelevant details. The author might have also warned the readers that some of the customs described in this book are observed by the Manchus and not by the Chinese people over whom the Manchu government ruled.

These defects, however, do not seriously detract from the interest of the book. It affords entertainment to those who are prone to peep behind the screen of court life for its splendors and wantonness and food for thought to those who desire an intimate picture of a personality which was responsible more than any other single factor for China's weakened position in the world and the overthrow of the Manchu régime—a personality at once vain, impetuous, ignorant, superstitious, conservative, reactionary, dogmatic, despotic, jealous, ruthless, heartless, and intriguing—a personality the whims and wiles of which were controlled almost solely by the head eunuch!

After seeing the performance of "The Cherry Orchard" a man recently remarked that the Russian Revolution was inevitable. After reading this book by Princess Der Ling, one cannot escape the conclusion that the Chinese Revolution was inevitable, too. In contributing to such a conclusion the value of the book mainly lies.

Picturesque History

BEAUTIFUL MEXICO. By VERNON QUINN. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1924. \$4.

Reviewed by MARIAN STORM

RARE is the single volume on Mexico which is at once so widely informative and so gracefully written as this. Of histories there are several good ones; of archaeologies a wealth; of guide-books there is the satisfactory Terry; and of works statistical and political, of works naïvely rhapsodical and full of indifferent Spanish there are more than there ever ought to have been. I thought from the title that Mr. Quinn had produced another travel book. Instead, he has told the story of the Mexican people with an appreciation, a dignity and a scholarly care that deserves the gratitude of anybody who wants to educate himself pleasantly upon the general subject: Mexico.

The book is a history, narrated with a background of legend and scenery. There are many illustrations and an index. The whole epic sweep of the tale, from its mysterious beginnings at Palenque, Cholula, Casas Grandes, to its temporary conclusion on the eve of a new presidency, is flowingly followed. Much, of course, is left out. The work will not take the place of a study of Bancroft and Prescott; of the letters of Cortés, de Sahagun and Bernal Díaz. The archaeologist will encounter here nothing of profit. But the ordinary reader, whether he be familiar with the subject or not, will find "Beautiful Mexico" absorbing and delightful. It is withal singularly unprejudiced. The author shows himself to be an informed and fastidious compiler.

Especially does Mr. Quinn display a deep sympathy with the people. "Who are the Mexicans, anyway?" the puzzled lay reader often asks, and here he will find as comprehensive an answer as can be given within small scope. Who are the Mexicans? They are the successors of those gods and giants who held the land before the Flood; the descendants of the wandering seven tribes from the Seven Caves of the north, one of which found the last native Empire and gave the country its name: of the skilled Toltecs and cultured Mayas; of the proud Zapotecs and fierce Tarahumares; of the Chichimecs, whose last prince was one of the most romantic characters in American history; of Cuauhtemoc, one of the noblest. When dealing with these indigenous Americans, their legends, their great qualities, their tragedy, the author is at his best.

The famous scenery of the south is described with a pen of color, and it seems certain that this disturbing sentence was an oversight: "The Star Mountain is a work of nature to reverence even in this enlightened day." Mr. Quinn makes the usual mistake of calling those picturesque and eerie trees which surround Xochimilco poplars. They are trimmed willows, though they don't look it. Scientists will object to the invariable epithet "deadly" for the scorpion.

Yet search will disclose little for contention.

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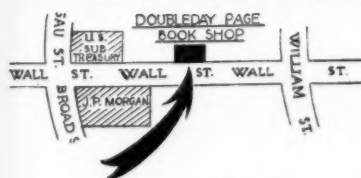
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New York's Sister City

OLD BATAVIA. GEDENBOEK uitgegeven door het Bataviaasch Genootschap van Kunsten en Wetenschappen naar aanleiding van set driehonderdjarig bestaan der stad in 1919. Batavia: G. Kolff & Co.

Reviewed by A. J. BARNOUW

BATAVIA might be called New York's oriental sister city. Both owe their origin to the enterprise of Dutch merchants, the founding of New Amsterdam being merely an incident in the history of Holland's *Drang nach Osten*, of which the founding of Batavia in 1619 was the first signal success. For if the Amsterdam merchants had not set their minds on discovering a new route to Java beyond the control of the Spanish fleet, the first settlers on Manhattan would probably not have come from Holland and the early records of New York would give a different story to read. It was the Dutch East India Company that sent Hudson to sea on the Half Moon, the East of Asia, not of America, being his goal, and the two cities that sprang up on the island that he sought and on the island that he reached are sisters by their common parentage. Students of the early history of New York can, therefore, ill afford to ignore this excellent history of old Batavia by Dr. F. de Haan, the Government Archivist, whose name deserved better than to be mentioned inconspicuously in the preface. For he has given in this book a richly documented and well-written story of life and manners in this Far Eastern city of the Dutch, which in many an instance reminds one of conditions in New Amsterdam.

The Hollanders in their far-flung colonies in East and West did not much vary their mode of life to suit the different climate. They carried with them across the seas their architecture, their domestic arts, their costumes, their manner of living; and life in Batavia, which means Netherland, must have been very much the same as life in the town of New Netherland on the Hudson. Batavia was the richer of the two. "A noble city" it was called by the English skipper, Woodes Rogers, who visited Java in 1710. That would have been sarcastic praise for the New York of the same period. But in its humble way it was a counterpart of Batavia, both being Dutch trading posts under the protection of a fort where an autocratic Governor, on behalf of the company, exercised authority over a cosmopolitan and often recalcitrant population in which all the nationalities of northern Europe were represented. Of that old Batavia some traces are left in the new, canals dug by the early settlers for the drainage of the swampy grounds, picturesque drawbridges built across them where the roads and the water intersect, stone houses with inner courtyards that Pieter de Hooch might have painted, survivals of a time when the Hollander had not yet learnt to live hygienically in the tropics.

The author has added to his two volumes of text a third of illustrative material, in which views may be found of these extant remnants of old Batavia. This book of pictures is not the least interesting part of Dr. de Haan's standard work, and is the outcome of no less study and research than were required for the writing of the context. Photographs of antique Batavian furniture, of tombstones, coins, medals, seals, facsimiles of printed documents and manuscripts, reproductions of early views of Batavia, of paintings and portraits, enable the reader to visualize the life of which the author gives so vivid a description. The life, especially of the ruling class. For the lower officials and employees Batavia was no Eldorado. But the Van Twillers and Stuyvesants of Batavia lived in great style and took pride in being patrons of art, of Dutch art that is, in their distant island. Under the administration of Jan Pietersz Coen, the founder of Batavia, the Leyden painter Adriaan Minten did a bird's-eye view of the new town, eight years after its settlement. Andries Beekman painted in 1656 a view of the Fish Market, Jacob Koeman in 1664 a portrait group of a Batavian family. Among the many documents reproduced in facsimile is an entry in the register of baptisms, the child being Rembrandt, son of Cornelius Zuythof, painter, and Cornelia van Rijn, who was the daughter of Holland's greatest artist. In turning over the leaves of Dr. de Haan's fascinating picture book one feels a vain regret that New Amsterdam did not attract Dutch painters to the same extent. Our

knowledge of life under Kieft and Van Twiller and Stuyvesant would gain in realism and precision if by their work the eye were enabled to aid the imagination.

Zionism

L'AN PROCHAIN À JERUSALEM. By JEROME et JEAN THARAUD. Paris: Librairie Plon. 1924.

This book is so delicate a piece of anti-Zionism that it does not deserve such a flat classification. It is done with such impressionistic sympathy and such balanced romantic scepticism that it is only in the last two pages that the authors come to any direct judgment, and even there only in a few words spoken to themselves.

The book opens with three impressions of current religious illusions at Jerusalem. The first is of an Orthodox Catholic celebration around the tomb of Jesus. Amid the frenzy and the monotonous chanting of thousands of Greeks, Syrians, Copts and Armenians, the Patriarch enters the tomb and brings out fire which has authentically descended from heaven. The second is of the "Mur des Pleurs," a vestige, by tradition, of the foundations of Solomon's Temple. At the smooth-worn base of this wall, in a mean *cul-de-sac*, old pilgrims from the ghettos of the world come to weep, fanatic automatons, mendicant ambassadors of the scattered tribes of Israel. The third is of the Mosque of Omar, the second sacred shrine of Islam, a jewel of joy and serenity placed on the site of the very center of vengeful and nervous Hebraism.

It is the latter place which the authors find beautiful; but it is the "Mur des Pleurs," outrageous, beyond understanding to a European, which dominates their imaginations and their book as, if what they say is true, it dominates the fears and dreams of Jewry. In contrast to the Wall and its immense connotations there is given in the last chapter a swift, clear sketch of one modern settlement of returned Jews. These new-pattern Zionists are sceptical sociological students, brought there by a twist of the old racial enthusiasm to set up, under British protection, a model colony, Tel Aviv, the Hill of Spring. In that place, removed from the miserable ghetto of the old weepers, they—the moderns—await not the word of Jehovah, a miracle, but the "happiness of eucalyptus trees, of electric light, and of English comfort."

The insidious nuances of the authors are not directed against Zionism as an idea; but against the folly of attempting to realize that idea. "And that homesick desire, that aspiration which they cannot and will not satisfy, that struggle of reality with dreams, that eternal quietude, is the poetry of Israel."

Foreign Notes

HENRY CEARD, whose "A Lovely Day" has just been published in translation in this country and has won much commendation from critics, died recently in Paris. With him died a considerable talent, though, despite the fact that M. Céard won election to the Goncourt Academy, his abilities never won wide recognition. A journalist and novelist, M. Céard was passionately devoted to poetry, and himself wrote much of it. Little of the mass of his verse was of high distinction, yet enough of it has merit to cause French critics to hope for its appearance in a carefully selected volume.

* * *

That there was nothing of an erotic character in the famous friendship between Ferdinand Lassalles and Countess Hatzfeld is made amply manifest in a volume of correspondence edited by Gustav Meyer and recently issued under the title, "Lassalles Briefwechsel mit Gäfin Sophie von Hatzfeld" (Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlagsanstalt). This friendship, begun when Lassalles was a student of twenty and continued till the end of his life, was a source of constant stimulus to him. He idealized the Countess, placing her upon a pedestal, and talked over with her his ideals and ambitions. To judge from the letters the friendship was equally necessary to both parties to it. Mr. Meyer's book, in addition to casting light on Lassalles's relations with Countess Hatzfeld reflects his life in Berlin, his scholarly work, his acquaintances, and his political activities, and also to a certain extent mirrors the general life of the time.

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A Goncourt Prize Author

By FREDERIC D. CHEYDLEUR

LUCIEN FABRE, the last writer to be awarded the coveted Goncourt Prize, was not very well known to the general public prior to the decision of the Academy that brought him into the literary limelight last December. To be sure, he had already produced, after the manner of Paul Valéry, two volumes of esoteric poetry bearing the titles "Connaissance de la Déesse" and "Vanikoro," and also a scientific study, "Les Théories d'Einstein," which was the first work on this popular subject to appear in France. Lucien Fabre was born in 1889 in Pampelonne, near the boundary line between the old French provinces, Languedoc and Rouergue. His description of the inhabitants and the scenery of the latter section of his native country in connection with the heroine of his novel, Angèle Mauléon, would do justice to the pen of a more practiced artist and is one of the most attractive features of his book. He received his early education in his birthplace and then in the lycées of Albi, Toulouse and Paris, and finally in the Ecole Centrale of the French metropolis. No doubt the painstaking picture of the Jesuit College attended by Rabevel, his leading character, and of the Ecole Centrale, where Rabevel's son Olivier was trained, is based on first-hand knowledge of these institutions and compares well with depictions of school life by other successful writers.

During the formative period of his young manhood Fabre had to pursue several manual trades in order to make ends meet, but this experience did not sour him against the world. Later on he took up the profession of an engineer, the influence of which, as well as that of his earlier occupation, can easily be traced in his work by the sure touch with which he describes the homely life of the older Rabevels and that of the mining camp in Puy-de-Dôme. Fabre served with distinction in the World War and while recovering from a wound he had his first volume of poetry published. Although he devotes much time to the study of philosophy, science and writing, this young celebrity still applies himself to his chosen career as a mechanical engineer.

Fabre received seven of the nine votes cast by the Goncourt Academy and there was no bitter contest as in the case of Marcel Proust in 1919. Although there were probably at first about three hundred contestants in this race for laurels prized only next to those of the French Academy, we cannot help feel after having read the novel and some of its predecessors on the rôle of honor that the Goncourtians made a careful and wise selection in deciding upon Fabre's three-volume work. Those of us who really enjoy French novels because of those fundamental characteristics best exemplified by Balzac, Sand and Flaubert and who have been disappointed in such outstanding fiction as "Gaspard," "Le Feu," "Civilisation," "Batouala" and "A l'Ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleurs"—all productions of undoubted merit but not excelling in that happy combination of characterization, plot, incidents, background and style that give that complete illusion of life so necessary to the ideal novel—may find pleasure and profit in the perusal of "Rabevel on le Mal des Ardents."

The first volume of Fabre's novel, having the distinctive title of "La Jeunesse de Rabevel," relates the history of the chief character, Bernard Rabevel, beginning from the time he is ten with the episodes of his primary school days in Paris in the late seventies, following him through his courses in commerce and finance in the Jesuit College of the Franch-Bourgeois, unfolding the intricacies of his first successful adventure in administrative work in the asphalt plant in Puy-de-Dôme as the representative of Blinkine and Mulot, bankers and organizers of big business, and tracing the details of his trap to ensnare Angèle, the one woman he loved in his feverishly active career. Readers familiar with the first books of "Jean Christophe," "Tom Brown's School Days," or with the boys' stories of Booth Tarkington and Willdenbruch will be tempted to make comparisons, once they become acquainted with Fabre's biographical romance, and will grant that in this first part of "Rabevel" a masterly grasp of the adolescent mind and a no mean artistic power to depict the same are revealed by the author.

The second volume of this series of Fabre bears the title, "Le Financier Rabevel," and tells of the meteoric rise of its hero, now about twenty-two, in the business world. We see him win an illicit victory over Angèle, the wife of his former comrade François, away at sea; we follow him through the dizzy mazes of his astounding manipulation and transformation of the affairs of

Bordes & Cie, a great ocean transportation company, into Rabevel & Cie; we watch him as he secures through tortuous means the final control of the asphalt works in Puy-de-Dôme and the ultimate downfall of his enemies, Blinkins and Mulot; and finally we witness his courtship and marriage with Reine Orsat, the wealthy daughter of one of his former powerful competitors.

There is a disparity between the first and second parts of "Rabevel," the former being superior in tone and workmanship. However, the pages in the second volume describing the love-making of Angèle and Bernard and its picturesque setting down in Quercy along the banks of the Lot, and also those painting the scenery and natives of Rouergue, as already stated, are beautifully done and show the deft hand of a sensitive artist; they seem to catch and fix the mysterious charm of the local color of these old French provinces. But the chief interest in the whole work before us lies not so much in its technique as in its picture of contemporary society and the author's idea of the trouble with said society.

"La Fin de Rabevel" is the title given to the third and last volume of Fabre's work, and in following the rôle of the protagonist in it one is reminded again and again of Virgil's well-known line: *Facilis descensus est Averno*, for although he has reached the pinnacle of financial and political power, his principal pastime seems to be in having erotic experiences with various creatures each one lower than the other. His methods of high finance have brought ruin and death to more than one family, but this knowledge does not deter him from pursuing his unbridled appetites in other directions, for he causes the martyrdom of Angèle and François, divorces his own wife Reine, and breaks up the home of the Vassals. Relief from this Nero-like orgy comes from the glimpses of the healthier domestic life of Noël Rabevel and the wholesome account of the younger generation, Olivier and Isabelle, Marc and Nicole. Were it not for the interesting characterization of these new types and the analysis of their ideas about life, this book of Fabre's would be dull. The War breaks out and Rabevel, putting a check on himself by necessity, rises to the rank of a minister, becomes a profiteer and a defeatist member of the government. The work closes with Rabevel in the guise of an old school teacher, broken down in health and spirit, abandoned by God and men, awaiting his sad end gazing at the pictures of those whom he used to love.

In evaluating this part of Fabre's long story we cannot truly say that the end crowns the work, because the same difference in tonality that exists between the first and second parts also appears here. There is an unevenness in the finish and ethical plane of the various episodes and settings, and even in the language that is quite apparent. In spite of these restrictions the novel elements are well sustained, though it is a pity that the author could not have submitted the second and third volumes of his series to some wise and incisive critic like Mérimée for cutting down. What chiefly interests us in "La Fin de Rabevel" is the evident purpose of the author to disclose not merely the logical end of his hero, but to give us a picture of the new generation falling heir to France. In reply to Rabevel's query as to what this might be like, Marc, a member of this younger set, says:

Oh! ours . . . is the sacrificed generation. However different Olivier and I may be, for example, we resemble each other in this respect that we are destined to pay for the cowardice of our grandparents and for the love of pleasure and money of our parents. As for us, if we live, we shall abandon the mysticism of justice of Noël Rabevel and that of business of Bernard Rabevel, and we shall try to be men.

And then this young man, the spokesman of Fabre, proceeds with the indictment of the older set for the general rottenness of customs, the corruption of conscience, the venality of the people, and for the dramatic outcome of all acutely sentimental conflicts that characterize them.

Fernand Vendérem in *La Revue de France* questions very much the accuracy of Fabre's portrait of present-day society in France.

Be that as it may, we believe that in "Rabevel" M. Fabre has given us one of the most interesting and absorbing works of fiction that have been awarded the Goncourt Prize. In his vehemence, his love of extraordinary characters and situations, his plethora of ideas and passions, his mixture of the fantastic and the real he displays the qualities of a young Stendhal or a Balzac.

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Art

OIL PAINTING. By HAROLD SPEED. Scribner's. \$7.50.

Belles Lettres

CONTEMPORARY CRITICISMS OF DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON, HIS WORKS, AND HIS BIOGRAPHERS. By JOHN KER SPITTAL. Dutton. 1923.

This book of more than four hundred pages merely reprints all the reviews concerning Johnson and his biographers published in the *Monthly Review* between 1775 and 1796. It is, as the author calls it, a pious endeavor, or rather an act of idolatry. For Johnson—or Johnson-Boswell—is one of those rare figures in literature who raise up after them a host of infatuated worshippers. At the moment the Johnsonian cult waxes strong, and only its devotees will find in their hearts an excuse for the compilation before us. They may amuse themselves turning its pages and observing therein the proof of public regard for Johnson during the decade before he died and a dozen years after.

The writers in the *Monthly Review*, according to Johnson, were careful workmen, but "enemies to the Church" and "for pulling down all establishments." Such hostility to his dearest convictions only renders more eloquent the *Review's* manifest regard for his abilities and his character—nay, for the very course of his reasoning most sharply opposed to its own. Boswell receives like consideration. Not so Mrs. Thrale. Her second marriage and her estrangement from her old friend apparently wrought heavily against her in the popular mind of the day.

One unfamiliar anecdote, not upgathered in Dr. Birkbeck Hill's vast store, is vouched for by the reviewer, who has an eye-witness. An "ingenious" heterodox lady asserted that Dr. Isaac Watts had repudiated the doctrine of the Trinity in his latter days. "You may depend upon it," said she, "he at last opened his eyes." "Then, Madam," said Johnson, "the first thing he saw was the devil!"

It is a pity that the compiler of this book did not distil the essential part of these reviews into, say, one-fifth of their present compass. He could well have omitted interminable familiar quotations from the books reviewed, and many pages of matter no longer significant—if ever it was. He would thus at any rate have done wiser reverence to the memory of Johnson and better service to his fellow-worshippers.

A HANDBOOK OF SHORT STORY WRITING. By JOHN T. FREDERICK. Knopf. 1924.

At last someone has written a book on how to write, instead of how to manufacture, short stories. Mr. Frederick pushes away the whole apparatus of mechanical technique which clutters trade books on the short story, maintaining, first, that writing stereotyped stories for stereotyped magazines has no relation to the practice of literature, and, second, that the teachers of such hack writing make more out of it than the writers. Then, insisting that observation and comprehension of life, and appreciation of craftsmanship is of primary importance in writing, he develops his little manual in a few brief chapters on the tools of a writer, themes and plans, point of view, characterization, setting, style, beginnings and endings, and an interesting bibliography and appendix. This is a sensible, a useful and a heartening book. Probably it contains all the theory which can profitably be given to beginners in short-story writing. The rest they should get for themselves after they have shown those qualities of invention and insight without which theory is useless.

ISLES OF EDEN. By LAURA LEE DAVIDSON. Minton, Balch. 1924. \$2.

Gentle is the word that most nearly conveys the setting, style and nature of Miss Laura Lee Davidson's comment on Ontario's rural life in "Isles of Eden." Her isles and their lake lie a few miles north of Kingston and are therefore only just pleasantly wild. What wealth of life they offer has been accurately and beautifully observed, "tall mulleins standing like straight, green candle-sticks, tipped with yellow flames," "minnows are the most elusive things that

swim, the most erratic and undependable." The trees, the animals and the French-Canadians are characterized with the directness of one who loves to look and has the ability to note. Miss Davidson has a perpetual twinkle in her eye which sees the native clearly, if with sympathy, so that a kind humor plays through the book like a draught of May air through a study window. Her miniatures serve to refresh the memory of any one who has visited her Eden: William Foret, whose mind was never on his work because of other interests; the doctor who needed only a canoe and the shadow of a rock to be at home in the wilderness; Billy Beaulac and Mrs. Drapeau and Cecile, whose pathetic love affair is treated in just the way a gentlewoman would treat it. It is a quiet, smile-bringing, sensitive book, without pretensions, but so truthfully delineating that the reviewer, for one, is going to hunt up its author's earlier volume, "A Winter of Content," which tells of the other season in the same setting.

THE TRAGEDY OF MR. PUNCH. By RUSSELL THORNDIKE and REGINALD ARKELL. With an Introductory Essay by MAX BEERBOHM. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1924. \$3.50.

Mr. Beerbohm, writing an excellent little essay upon the craving for immortality as illustrated in the survival of "Punch and Judy," was well into his subject when he was shown this little play, written as if to expand his thesis. His essay, with pictures of quite unusual quality by Arthur Watts, has been used to deal out what in itself is a rather commonplace little comedy, with a touch of allegory, but so little substance that one concludes the folk quality of the story and the charm of the familiar puppets brought to life were responsible for whatever success it may have had. A charming introduction, charming pictures, a beautifully made book, but a rather flat drama.

Biography

PRINCESSES, LADIES AND ADVENTURES OF THE REIGN OF LOUIS XIV. By THERESE LOUIS LATOUR. Translated from the French by Colonel DUTTON BURRARD. Knopf. 1924. \$6.

In these essays on twenty women of the court of Louis XIV, Mme. Latour has brought into the compass of a readable book nearly all the scandal of that scandalous period. Neither very profound nor very clever, these little studies are none the less of considerable interest. The great mistresses of royalty, the great poisoners, even the great princesses, are here portrayed with some vivacity and considerable skill. The effort to intrigue the interest of a certain kind of reader by the publisher's announcement that they are "presented without any reticence in dealing with the facts" does not, in fact, detract as much from the value of the volume as might be imagined; for these studies, whatever else may be said of them, are not salacious, nor do they serve to make vice attractive. They are, in effect, rather serious studies of a certain side of seventeenth and eighteenth century French court life of no particular appeal, one might venture, to the low-minded. Mme. Latour knows her history; she has

JOSHUA BARNEY. By RALPH D. PAINE. Century. 1924. \$4.

Mr. Paine has done a great service in rescuing from oblivion so many thrilling tales of adventures belonging to the days when America was a seafaring nation. In this volume he has revived a hero, Commodore Joshua Barney, who is unknown to this generation but whose life was a series of almost unbelievable adventures. He belonged to the breed of Drake, without, however, that sea dog's weakness for the doubloons and jeweled swords that he found in his prizes. He swung his blade in some twenty-seven battles during the Revolution and the War of 1812, and flew his commodore's pennant in the French navy of the First Republic. His victory in Delaware Bay ranks second only to that of Paul Jones of Flamborough Head as an example of resourcefulness and the will to win. It is an amazing story of a life packed with action, and it loses nothing in Mr. Paine's delightful style.

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Biography

(Continued from preceding page)

read widely and well in the *chroniques scandaleuses*, which is to say the memoirs of the period; and she has extracted from history and memoirs a rather entertaining volume of essays on its more prominent women. If some of them happened to be of loose morals, or none, and were prominent for that reason, it is not perhaps her fault but theirs. But it is a good side-light on history and it reveals, among other things, why there was a revolution a century later.

WILLIAM THOMPSON SEDGWICK: A PIONEER OF PUBLIC HEALTH. By E. O. JORDAN, G. C. WHIPPLE and E. E. A. WINSLOW. Yale University Press. \$2

CAL COOLIDGE, PRESIDENT. By ROLAND D. SAWYER. Four Seas. \$1.50.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH MAN. By ED. MORELL. New Era Publishing Co. \$2 net.

MEMORIES AND ADVENTURES. By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE. Little, Brown. \$4.50 net.

THOSE EUROPEANS. By SISLEY HUDDLESTON. Putnam's. \$2.

THE PASSING YEARS. By LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE. Houghton Mifflin. \$6.

THE MANUSCRIPT OF ST. HELENA. Translated by WILLARD PARKER. Appleton. \$2.

Fiction

RUE WITH A DIFFERENCE. By CHARLES RECHT. Boni & Liveright. 1924. \$2.50.

No less a personage than Fannie Hurst has remarked of this book by the latest newcomer in the field of confessedly Semitic-American fiction that it is "as subtle as it is gripping and as gripping as it is subtle." Harsh as that verdict sounds, one may, in general, agree with it, with the qualification that there are really better things, here and there, in it than such a summary implies. For one thing, Mr. Recht's manner is not too exuberant; he does not follow the precedent of his "school" in doing violence to the language. Nor is he incoherent, either in his general plan or in elaborated detail. Indeed, when he is not too greatly obsessed by the desire to be "subtle" he can produce very good, fluently readable narrative, as, for example, in the chapters wherein he frankly drops to the detective-mystery melodramatic style in his "Interlude" which brings police interference into his hero's life story.

But for the most part it is "subtlety," which, in such cases, has come to mean more or less Freudian sex analysis. His oddly named Homer Batterlee (whose mother was named Levy) is just one more erotomaniac to be added to the already extensive list in current fiction. But the book varies from the usual in that the author is not greatly deluded by his hero and does not exhibit him as a delectable character. He is aware that Homer is a victim of ingrowing egotism; entirely and always selfish and self-centered. The doctor of the story even diagnoses him: "Your own case could be called one of wounded vanity, excessive egotism, inferiority complex," etc.

Concretely, the story records his insane infatuation for a "beautiful" chorus girl whom he knows to be brainless and, in fact, a semi-professional harlot. It may be said to reach an unexpectedly happy ending, for Homer finally kills the woman and manages to poison himself in time to escape electrocution. Most of the book is devoted to analysis and exposition of the states of mind that lead to this clean-up. It is efficiently managed, though considerably overdone. Mr. Recht can be witty, and neatly epigrammatic, and sometimes he attains a grim humor, though his sense of humor does not keep him from dropping into extended passages of versification that are not altogether happy. His hero is real enough; there are such men and women, but one must regard them as "cases" rather than as merely humanly interesting creatures.

THE QUENCHLESS LIGHT. By AGNES C. LAUT. Appleton. 1924. \$2.

This attempt to make Bible reading popular is a strange conglomeration of Bulwer Lytton, *The Sunday School Quarterly*—and "The Sheik." The story part of the book (about two-thirds) deals in allegorical fashion with the adventures of Onesimus, one of the followers of St. Paul. There is little plot, merely a series of startling episodes interspersed with interludes of moralizing. The treatment is so sentimental and romantic as to stifle any possible thrill which may be inherent in the material. Furthermore the style is almost adolescent, being replete with long strings of adjectives,

and overlaid descriptions which all read alike. The latter third of the book is given over to a defense of the Apostle Paul and an exposition of his work. The author has evidently expended a great deal of effort in gathering material for this work, but the result seems hardly to have warranted it.

THE PRICELESS PEARL. By ALICE DUER MILLER. Dodd, Mead. 1924. \$1.75.

This is an unimportant book, but it is an amusing one written with a gay good humor which should recommend it to invalids convalescing from minor ailments, or to commuters within an hour's distance from New York. Pearl, the priceless heroine of the slight and incredible tale, is cursed by her beauty. Because of it she simply cannot keep a job. She disturbs office morale. Office boys forget to sharpen pencils, and vice-presidents have crying-spells. The havoc is unintentional on Pearl's part, and of course the beautiful, sensitive creature feels that the business world is unjust to blondes! She does not recognize, as do her various employers, that she was never intended for an office nun.

Then comes opportunity. A rich bachelor engages her best friend, Augusta, as a governess for his unruly nieces and nephews at Southampton, but Augusta gets married instead and sends Pearl to take her place. There follows a sprightly romance with a dash of mystery. Pearl finds an occupation for which her beauty is an asset instead of a liability, for the rich bachelor falls an instant victim to her charms, and we do not believe that a wife has ever been fired merely because she is too pretty.

ROSE OF THE WORLD. By KATHLEEN NORRIS. Doubleday, Page. 1924. \$2 net.

Perhaps one reason for the popularity of Kathleen Norris's stories is that they are variations on the Cinderella theme. Mrs. Norris has a deep and sympathetic understanding of young women who live in middle class surroundings and dream unceasingly of pretty clothes, handsome, adoring husbands and fat, jolly babies. Ultimately her heroines achieve these ends, but not without struggle and suffering. There is realism of a sort. Mrs. Norris is at her best in detailed descriptions of homely, rather sordid life. She has a gift for picturing the gray grease floating on top of a dishpan, for the delicatessen-bought supper. And this realism in the setting almost offsets the lack of credibility in the characters themselves.

Like so many of its predecessors, "Rose of the World" is the story of a girl whose family fortunes have fallen, who works in a factory by day and shouldering the house-keeping burdens of a happy-go-lucky family after office hours. The president of the mill has a son, a good natured, handsome boy, who is in love with her and wants to marry her, but his mother has other plans for him and he rather reluctantly marries a girl of his own set who leads him a wretched life. Rose, still under the spell of her first love, marries the manager of the mills and the stage is set for a tragedy.

But it is a Cinderella tragedy. Bad as the situation is, the reader cannot feel the sympathy he should for the unhappy girl who has married the wrong prince. There is bound to be a happy ending for such beauty and such virtue. And happy ending there is in good measure.

SOUND AND FURY. By JAMES HENLE. Knopf. 1924. \$2.50.

James Henle, a newcomer among novelists, has set out to do an interesting and illuminating thing. He has attempted to show to what sure failure the highly individualized, self-determining, fighting man must come in an impact against the organized, conventional upper middle-class society of our own day.

To have succeeded completely in his aim would have been to produce a great book. But he has not succeeded. He has written well enough to serve his purpose. He has pointed his tale and his theme with true and sham-smashing observation and comment. He has chosen his symbols well. But he has brought them to no inevitable conclusion.

His protagonist, ironically nick-named "Good" Guthrie, is a throw-back to the primitive days when men were, in essential, a law unto themselves. He happens to be born in the twentieth century in the prosperous, carefully routine and cautious society of a growing Middle Western city. From a fighting but chivalrous boyhood his life is traced through the various phases of college, war, marriage and fatherhood to his death, in the early thirties, at the hands of a Ku Klux mob. The stultifying influ-

Speaking of Books—

and especially those published by the University of Chicago Press

"Project"

is the most recent term with which to conjure in educational circles. While this is particularly true in the world of public education, it is likewise significant that those engaged in the task of religious education, for whom this book is intended, are not far behind. The writer believes that there are great possibilities for project teaching in the field of religious education. This volume of theory and practice describes such possibilities. It is the first in its field. *The Project Principle in Religious Education*, by ERWIN L. SHAVER, \$2.75, postpaid \$2.85.

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is turned to a high purpose by Miss Rhodes's new study course for beginners in religion. Plays, music, masterpieces of art, material gathered from the Bible, the fund of story, and the activities of the children themselves are used to help the little ones achieve basic Christian attitudes. The mother who wishes to present religion to her children in a simple, concrete, and dramatic way will find an ideal guide in *Religion in the Kindergarten*, by BERTHA MARILDA RHODES. Cloth, \$1.75; postpaid, \$1.85. Envelopes of pictures, 25 and 75 cents, postage 3 and 5 cents extra.

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Sherwood Anderson

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ences of each phase on a nature like his own are noted and traced, in particular the influence of marriage to a wife who symbolizes in herself the essence of the civilization which, both consciously and unconsciously, it is his temperament to oppose.

Mr. Henle's efforts to depict his hero have been valiant but unachieved. Goody is only now and then a completely convincing figure. In fidelity to type he has succeeded far better with Con, the wife—intellectually conventional, emotionally barren, socially stereotyped and Oh! ever so good. She is a kind of prim but capable girl any mother would be proud of, the kind of woman whom society calls a good wife and mother: the kind of female, in short, who by her very nature quenches any fire and limits any straight thinking of which her husband and children may be capable. She remains, insufferably, a logical characterization. By merely being what she is she vanquishes and destroys the strength, the vigor, the passionate will to live of her husband.

Two obvious conclusions of his theme were open to Mr. Henle. Goody Guthrie might have gone on to complete defeat or he might have been moved to open revolt. He chose neither way. He involves Guthrie in a pale revolt which amounts to little more than the usual "intrigue" with another woman and, apparently unable to imagine any inevitable and artistically faithful conclusion, brings his hero into a quarrel with the Ku Klux Klan and gets him conveniently killed off. What might have been a magnificent tragedy turns thereby into an artificially contrived catastrophe.

A WEDDING GIFT. By JOHN TAINTOR FOOTE. Appleton. \$1.

WHITE JACKET. By HERMAN MELVILLE. (The World's Classics.) Oxford University Press.

ABBÉ PIERRE. By JAY WILLIAM HUDSON. Appleton.

THAIS. By ANATOLE FRANCE. (Modern Library.) Boni & Liveright. 95 cents net.

POCONA SHOT. By JOHN TAINTOR FOOTE. Appleton. \$1.50.

CREeping JENNY. By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.75.

THE TURN OF THE BALANCE. By BRAND WHITLOCK. Bobbs-Merrill. \$2.50.

THE DOMINANT BLOOD. By ROBERT E. McCURE. Doubleday, Page. \$2 net.

THE MYSTERY OF THE OPAL. By RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND. Jacobs.

EAST OF THE SETTING SUN. By GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON. Dodd, Mead. \$2.

THE CROOKED MILE. By BERNARD DE VOTO. Minton, Balch. \$2.

THE KING OF ELFLAND'S DAUGHTER. By LORD DUNSANY. Putnam's. \$2.

THE HIGH ROAD TO HONOR. By JULIA SCOTT VROOMAN. Minton, Balch. \$2.

Juvenile

GREYLIGHT. By ANNE BOSWORTH GREENE. Century. 1924. \$1.75.

Whether you have ever had a pony or not, you will like Greylight, a white Shetland, who belongs to Babs, the daughter of Anne Bosworth Greene. We liked Babs in "The Lone Winter," what we heard of her. Here we meet her as a little girl, for whom some words are very hard, but whose love of her pony is steadfast. There is no plot to the story—it is just an account of the first summer and winter after Greylight comes to join Cupid in the stable and on their rambles, of the adventures they have with their mistresses. There is one criticism which may be made of the book—the conversations between the pony and the horse. If they had to talk, why did it have to be such slovenly English; Cupid is especially lax. Such nice beasts should not be spoiled by such misrepresentation. It has too much the flavor of writing down to the children. However, judged by a former pony owner, it is a really true story. Ponies do do the things that Greylight did, in just the way he did them. They are the nicest pets in the world, and since all boys and girls can't have them, we feel that this little book is a contribution to the library shelf.

THE BOOK OF SCOTLAND. By SIDNEY DARK. Doran. 1924. \$2.50.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Dark, with material of the most dramatic at his command, should lack the qualities of narration that would render it of indelible interest to the youthful reader. His chronicle of Scottish history is a painstaking but prosaic recital of the annals of that doughty country, lacking in grace of style and with the vivid picturesqueness of Scottish national struggles regrettably flattened out. Even the account of the tragic story of Mary Stuart, though it contains considerable detail and is written in a sympathetic spirit, is little likely to produce a profound impression on the mind of the youthful reader or to arouse his desire to follow further the events sketched in

this preliminary study. The book is useful, as furnishing a straight-forward chronicle, but something more than so bald a record is necessary if the child's appetite for history is to be stimulated. Between the old-fashioned type of history that sketched in merely the picturesque, and heightened incident at the expense of general development and this unanimated account there lies a happy middle-ground which Mr. Dark has failed to find.

DAVID BALFOUR. By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Scribner's. 1924. \$2.50.

Stevenson's novel has enough of the incident and the interest that makes appeal to boyhood to be a favorite with young readers even without the dress which makes this particular edition of it so delightful a volume for the juvenile shelf. But it will undoubtedly gain in the affections of the youthful through the charming color illustrations by N. C. Wyeth which here embellish the text and through the general beauty of the format in which the story is set forth.

JAPANESE FAIRY TALES. By LAFCADIO HEARN and Others. Boni & Liveright. 1924. \$1.50.

Only four of the sixteen tales in this volume come from the Hearn collection. They indeed have the folk atmosphere and a real charm which seems lacking in the other stories. We find again the Tongue-Cut Sparrow and other old familiars, and the four illustrations in color by Gertrude A. Kay will please the children. Some of the stories can be used for telling, after slight revision, but the book will probably be of most use to a library collection of folklore, for use by the teacher and student. This edition is more colorful than the old one and welcome because the other can only be obtained through the second-hand store.

SPANIARD'S CAVE. By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR. Century. 1924. \$1.75.

With Bermuda as a geographical and historical background, this story of two boys, one American and the other English, rapidly develops into a mystery story. Here, too, we find a railroad in prospect, professional standards, international friendship and real legitimate adventure all happening fairly naturally in the lives of fourteen and fifteen year old boys, who are real boys with good principles and whose relatives know what boys like to do and how they should be controlled.

EDMUND DULAC'S FAIRY BOOK. Doran. \$3.75.

HANS ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES. Illustrated by W. HEATH ROBINSON. Doran. \$5.

MOTHER HUBBARD'S WONDERFUL CUPBOARD. By MAUDE RADFORD WARREN and EVE DAVENPORT. Doran. \$2.50 net.

THE HEART OF A DOG. By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE. Doran. \$3 net.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS. By JONATHAN SWIFT. Illustrated by R. G. MOSSA. Doran. \$3 net.

THE BIBLE STORY. By WILLIAM CANTON. Doran.

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND. By LEWIS CARROLL. Illustrated by GEORGE SOPER. Doran.

THE BOOK OF SCOTLAND. By SIDNEY DARK. Doran. \$2.50 net.

TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE. By CHARLES AND MARY LAMB. Doran.

THE WATER BABIES. By CHARLES KINGSLEY. Doran.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS. Illustrated by GEORGE SOPER. \$3.50.

THE HEROES. By CHARLES KINGSLEY. Illustrated by GEORGE SOPER. Doran.

TANGLEWOOD TALES. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Doran.

BARBROOKE GRUBB, PATHFINDER. By NORMAN J. DAVIDSON. Doran.

THE CHILDREN'S PAUL. By J. G. STEVENSON. Doran. \$1.60 net.

THE CHRIST OF THE CHILDREN. By J. G. STEVENSON. Doran.

SING-SONG. By CHRISTINA ROSSETTI. Macmillan. \$1.

GRANNY'S WONDERFUL CHAIR (The Children's Classics). Macmillan. \$1.75.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS. By JONATHAN SWIFT. Edited by PADRAIC COLUM. Macmillan. \$2.50.

FOLLOW THE BALL. By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR. Appleton. \$1.75.

RATS' CASTLE. By ROY BRIDGES. Appleton. \$1.75.

PENNELL OF THE INDIAN FRONTIER. By N. J. DAVIDSON. Doran.

HANNINGTON OF AFRICA. By NIGEL B. M. GRAHAM. Doran.

JUDSON OF BURMA. By NIGEL B. M. GRAHAM. Doran.

(Continued on next page)

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Points of View

Help Wanted

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

There are three or four questions relating to the authorship of well-known poems which I have been striving vainly to settle for a long time past, and it has occurred to me that perhaps among your readers there may be some who know the answers. Here are the problems:

There is a poem of sixteen lines, usually called "Vixi" and beginning,

*I have lived and I have loved
I have waked and I have slept,*

whose author I have never been able to discover. I have seen it ascribed to Dr. Charles Mackay, the adoptive father of Marie Corelli, but a careful search through all of Mackay's published poems failed to reveal it.

Another poem, "Out in the Fields With God," beginning,

*The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday,*

is similarly unassigned. Mr. E. M. Tension, in his life of Louise Imogen Guiney, ascribes it to her, but it has yet to be discovered among her published works. It is sometimes ascribed to Elizabeth Barrett Browning, but is not in Mrs. Browning's works.

Still another poem, variously titled "Twenty Years Ago" or "Forty Years Ago" and beginning,

*I've wandered to the village, Tom, I've
sat beneath the tree,
Upon the schoolhouse playground, that
sheltered you and me,*

is generally ascribed to Francis Huston, but I have been unable to discover anything about Huston or any evidence that he really wrote the poem. It has been claimed by one or two other people, but also without any proof. When I first used it in "The Home Book of Verse" I called it "Twenty Years Ago," but that would make the chief protagonist certainly not more than thirty-five, whereas he not only speaks like an old man but states that all his schoolmates except "Tom" are dead, so that "Forty Years Ago" seemed the more probable title, and was therefore adopted. "Sixty Years Ago" might have been better still!

In Miss Carolyn Wells's anthology of humorous poetry, "Just Nonsense," the poem entitled "Home," beginning

*A melancholy little man was seated on
the ground;
He showed supreme indifference to
everything around,*

is ascribed to Nixon Waterman. I had given it as "Unknown," and I wrote to Mr. Waterman and inquired if it were really his. He says that it is not. But who, then, did write it?

Any light which any of your readers may be able to shed upon these several problems will be much appreciated.

BURTON E. STEVENSON

Chillicothe, Ohio

A Very Live Book

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

It is gratifying to note the interest of readers of *The Saturday Review* in Joseph Henry Shorthouse's "John Inglesant." To me this is one of the "timeless" books to which you referred in your opening editorial.

While it is probably true that "John Inglesant" has never had as many readers as it deserves (what good book ever did have?) I don't believe it is quite so sadly neglected as your correspondents seem to think. In particular, I should like to correct Miss Ashley's statement, in your issue for September 6, that the novel is now out of print. This statement is not likely to foster the circulation of the book, a cause in which Miss Ashley and I are alike interested.

"John Inglesant" was first published in May, 1881, and was reprinted in December of that year. There were ten printings during 1882, three during 1883 and subsequent issues in 1884, 1885, 1887, 1889, 1891, 1892, 1894, 1896, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1906, 1911, 1914 and 1920. This is hardly the record of an unread

book. Besides these "regular" editions, several of them in more than one volume, and one of them an "Edition de Luxe," the book was entered in May, 1905, in "Macmillan's Illustrated Pocket Classics" and here reprinted 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, 1914, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919, 1921. Here my record stops, for my copy is of the 1921 issue. It is, of course, possible that the book has gone out of print since 1921, but in the light of its record that seems to be extremely unlikely.

That there is no American edition of "John Inglesant" is, however, probably true, and to this lack I hope your recent correspondents may have called attention. I feel confident that for a new American edition, well-printed from new plates, there would be a very decided welcome.

EDWARD WAGENKNECHT

May Sinclair's Poetry

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I cannot feel satisfied with the American reviews which I have read of May Sinclair's book of poetry, "The Dark Night." The reviewers, on the whole, appreciate the beauty of Miss Sinclair's artistic adventure, but they fail to fathom its philosophic content. "The Dark Night" does not seem to me a "novel in free verse" but the author's mystical interpretation of life revealed in a sequence of short poems, many of which could be taken from their context and read with perfect comprehension.

It is difficult, of course, to think of May Sinclair apart from her novels, those compact and powerful forms which she creates with such unflagging energy; but we know that philosophy and poetry have long been her preoccupations, giving depth and beauty to her singular art. Within the past seven years, moreover, she has published two books of philosophic studies, "A Defence of Idealism" and "The New Idealism."

Miss Sinclair's process of philosophic reasoning is cautious and intricate, but her conclusions are based not on reason alone. They rest equally on those simple certainties of human experience which are, after all, the main concern of the novelist and the poet. At the end of her "Defence of Idealism," she states:

The one Infinite Spirit, then, is the finite selves. That the selves are not conscious of this union is the tragedy of their finitude. In our present existence we are spirit; but so limited in our experience that we know the appearances of spirit far better than we know spirit itself. If we knew them all, and if, in order to know them, it so happened that we increased the pace of the rhythm of time as it is increased in our dream-consciousness, only to an immeasurably more intense degree, the chances are that we should know spirit, not as it appears, but as it is. Appearances would be whirled for us, as it were, into the one reality, as the colors of the spectrum, painted on a revolving disc, are whirled into one whiteness by the sheer rapidity of its revolutions.

Such quickening of the rhythm of time, in transitory moments, Miss Sinclair has revealed to us time and again in her novels; but in "The Dark Night," the human soul's perception of reality is neither transitory nor passive. It is a source of action. "Every finding of new truth, every creation of new beauty; every victory of goodness—is, while it lasts, a communion, here and now, with God," Miss Sinclair further maintains; and this "victory of goodness" is the predominant theme of her poem.

"The Dark Night" did not come as a complete surprise after the flaming dedication of the "Journal of Impressions In Belgium." One knew then that sooner or later, more free verse was bound to follow. There is poetry scattered throughout May Sinclair's novels, as any one is aware who has caught the rhythm of such brief chapters as the one which preludes "The Three Sisters." Nor is it a surprise to find "The Dark Night" so perfect an accomplishment, within its limitations, that critical analysis seems clumsy and presumptuous.

Somewhere Miss Sinclair has said, "The wrong of sexual treachery lies in the fact that it deprives the lover (for the time being) of life; and it is through this tragedy that we move in 'The Dark Night' to the moment when 'hate and lust and jealousy' die in the wounded woman's heart, and a greater love takes their place. Life is renewed, the life that protects and saves; and the soul of the woman is no longer cut off from God."

"The Dark Night," as I have said, seems to me a sequence of short poems; and the perception of reality, the mystical certainty, which first comes to Elizabeth as she walks

in her garden, gives the keynote to all that follow. There is the poem of Grandmother, ironic and tender; the satire of the clerical tea-party; the separate love songs of Elizabeth. "Our love is woven of a thousand strands" begins one of the most exquisite lyrics in present-day literature. Read Elizabeth's lamentation,

*My thoughts run on down the darkness
As the falling of sand,
with the recurrence and variation of those strong earlier lines,
His soul is a crystal world, hard and clear,
Swinging in the soft darkness.*

There are poems of the human soul cut off from God by its lovelessness—the hell of separation of the finite self from the infinite; poems of the "white flame" of a greater love; woman's chivalry towards man; woman's chivalry towards woman; and in the end, peace.

*God has come back to me;
In the stillness of the dark night*
Yet, it is true, the separate poems are bound together by a story, a very old story of love's treachery; but one that yields itself to this mystical interpretation of life, of the dark and shining places of the human soul.

AMY WELLINGTON

New York City

E. M. Rhodes Again

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I wish to add my word to those of C. P. Gilman and the Frederick Schweds in commendation of Eugene Manlove Rhodes. To my mind he is one of the best of Western writers and he has a something in his style that fascinates me. One of his stories that appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post* I have been trying for years to get. The title of it was "Prisoners of Circumstance" or something similar. Can you give me any information on this one? The admirers of Rhodes should try to get together on some scheme to boom his books, as they do not seem to be as popular as they deserve.

D. H. KUHN

New Kensington, Pa.

Lewis's Novels

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I noticed, in a recent issue, a review of Dr. E. H. Lewis's last novel, "Sallie's Newspaper." It was incorrectly stated to be his second novel, "White Lightning" being called the first. Dr. Lewis's first novel was "Those About Trench," published by Macmillan about 1916. Many of his friends consider this his most fascinating book thus far. It merits attention. The publishers of "Sallie's Newspaper" have issued another edition of "Those About Trench," as I hear.

J. N. DALAND

Milton College, Wis.

The New Books

Miscellaneous

(Continued from preceding page)

THE HEART OF A FATHER. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.
HORSE-SENSE AND HORSEMANSHIP OF TO-DAY. By GEOFFREY BROOKE. Scribner's. \$5.
YOUR HEART AND HOW TO TAKE CARE OF IT. By ROBERT H. BABCOCK. Appleton. \$1.25.

Poetry

THE DIVINE SONGS OF ZARATHUSTRA. By D. J. IRAN. Macmillan.

Religion

A HISTORY OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION IN CONNECTICUT. By GEORGE STEWART, JR. Yale University Press. \$3.50.

Science

THE INHERITANCE OF ACQUIRED CHARACTERISTICS. By Dr. PAUL KAMMERER. Boni & Liveright. \$4.50.

Travel

IN GYPSY CAMP AND ROYAL PALACE. By E. O. HOPPE. Scribner's. \$5.
HEIRS OF THE INCAS. By CARROLL K. MICHENER. Minton, Balch. \$3.

Saturday Nights

Ali Baba seemed to be waiting for me to finish my reading of *The Saturday Review* last Saturday night for no sooner had I dropped it than he stood erect at my side. "Master, I have arranged that you meet to-night men of letters from three Universities—professors all and Charter Subscribers to *The Saturday Review*. Watch sharp for the time is short and the list is long."

Ali Baba waved his hand.

FROM Cambridge, Master, Professors of Dramatic Literature, Chemical Medicine, Political Economy, Greek, German, Arabic, Sanskrit, Natural Religion, Moral Philosophy and Civil Polity; Holders of A. B., Litt. D., M.D., Ph. D., LL. D., degrees. They are GEORGE PIERCE BAKER, RICHARD CLARKE CABOT, THOMAS NIXON CARVER, CHARLES BURTON GULICK, EDWIN HERBERT HALL, WILLIAM ERNEST HOCKING, WILLIAM GUILD HOWARD, JAMES RICHARD JEWETT, CHARLES ROCKWELL LANMAN, JOHN LIVINGSTON LOWES, RALPH BARTON PERRY, FRED NORRIS ROBINSON.

FROM Ann Arbor, the President of the University of Michigan, Professors of Romance languages, Sociology, Mathematics, Insurance, Law, Geometry, Drawing, English, Rhetoric, Philosophy and Education."

A tall, strapping, red-headed man who might possess such a voice as would fill a large convention hall at Cleveland was first to appear as Ali Baba continued:

MARION LEROY BURTON, CAMPBELL BONNER, EDWARD LARRABEE ADAMS, JOSEPH ALDRICH, WALTER FRANCIS COLBY, CHARLES HORTON COOLEY, JOHN ROBERT EFFINGER, SOLOMON FRANCIS GINGERICH, JAMES WATERMAN GLOVER, HERBERT J. GOULDING, JONATHAN AUGUST CHARLES HILDNER, VICTOR HUGO LANE, ALFRED HENRY LYOD, JOSEPH LYBRAND MARKLEY, SAMUEL MOORE, FRED NEWTON SCOTT, CHARLES PHILIP WAGNER, ROBERT MARK WENBY, CLIFFORD WOODY.

ON Friday, Master, PROFESSOR CANBY lectures in English Literature at New Haven. On Saturday (another wave of Ali's hand)—PROFESSORS EDWARD SALISBURY DANA, HENRY WILCOTT FARNHAM, JOHN HENRY NIEMEYER, CHARLES SCHUCHERT, CHARLES MONTAGUE BAKEWELL, JOHN MILTON BERDAN, CHARLES FREDERICK TUCKER BROOKE, CHARLES EDWARD CLARK, MAX FARRAND, ROSS GRANVILLE HARRISON, YANDELL HENDERSON, GEORGE LINCOLN HENDRICKSON, HARRY BENJAMIN JEPSON, FREDERICK BLISS LUQUIENS, CLARENCE WHITTLESEY MENDELL, WILLIAM LYON PHELPS (My note: Professor Phelps grinned as we met for the second time in this column), PERCY FRANKLYN SMITH, THOMAS WALTER SWAN, CHAUNCEY BREWSTER TINKER, EDWARD RAYMOND TURNER, PERCY TALBOT WALDEN, KARL YOUNG, read the *Saturday Review of Literature*.

Before leaving me for the night Ali Baba gave me a note. It read, "Special Class Room Rates make *The Saturday Review* available for instruction in current literature." Clever slave, he never misses a trick. The coupon is his idea.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

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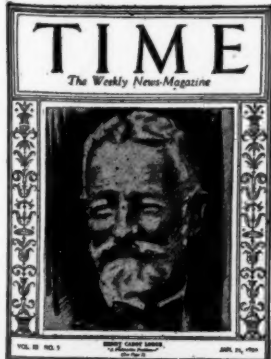
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A BALANCED RATION FOR WEEK-END READING.

BALISAND. By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER (Knopf).

GYPSY FIRES IN AMERICA. By IRVING BROWN (Harper's).

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF PETER ILICH TCHAIKOVSKY (Dodd, Mead).

Says A. B. M., Detroit, Mich.: "I too was well brought up on the bound volumes of St. Nicholas, but 'Rumpty Budget's Tower' was the 'Edwin Dood' of my childhood; about a third of it, I imagine, was missing from my bound volumes and I have never learned how it turned out. So I write to enquire when the reprint will be out."

JUST as soon as Stokes can get it ready. I too had an "Edwin" in my young life, because our set of old Scribner's had a tooth out, I do not know to this day how "The Mysterious Island" ends. For by the time the illustrated edition came out, the one from Scribner with N. C. Wyeth's pictures in color, I had begun to question whether any solution would be worth the mystery. Possibly I had been helped to this conclusion by an early acquaintance with Poe's "A. Gordon Pym," which passes out from pure terror, up against an iceberg and in the middle of a paragraph, defying the world to finish it without anticlimax. But the plots of those St. Nicholas stories needed the last pages, having nothing to do with terror and the unknown, and I am glad enough that the reprint is on the way.

Book clubs in which each member buys a book and passes it on are just making their lists, and as usual I am constantly called in.

IT WOULD make it easier for me and more satisfactory for the group if, when the new list is asked for, the names of the books read last year are sent in, the favorites marked. Among those that I have just received is one from a university town in California, for the use of faculty members; as the requirements were not only for entertainment but for books with some hope of permanence, I suggest these for the fifteen members: First of all, a book by all means to be read, E. M. Forster's "Passage to India" (Harcourt, Brace). The four short novels by Edith Wharton called "Old New York" (Appleton); Thomas Beer's "Sandoval," Joseph Hergesheimer's "Balisand" (Knopf), which will be out by the time they begin, and Rupert Hughes's "The Golden Ladder" (Harper), which if it lives will do so because it is the light-hearted but well-founded narrative of the adventures of Mme. Jumel. Born Betty Bowen of Providence R. I., she "also had her high purposes. She was eager to import into America the classic ambitions of Aspasia. . . . Nell Gwynne and the rest of that ambitious sisterhood. There were difficulties in her way. She was importing velvet to a homespun community."

As this group will be willing to take a chance on fiction from outside the English-speaking world—many groups will not—let them get "The Philosopher's Stone," by J. Anker Larsen (Knopf); all things considered, it seems to me the most profitable novel for a good while. Get also "A Lovely Day," by Henry Céard (Knopf), because it is a "different" French novel; and a slow, quiet story of Dutch family life, "The Fortunes of a Household," by Hermann Robber (Knopf). It is the sort of book that peoples the life of a solitary reader with folks like himself but with

Dutch names and habits, whose very souls he comes in time to know. "Dr. Martin Arrowsmith," Sinclair Lewis's new one, will be out pretty soon (Harcourt, Brace) and by the time this list is in print they can avail themselves of Anne Douglas Sedgwick's new story, "The Little French Girl" (Houghton Mifflin). "Centerville, U. S. A.," by Charles Merz (Century), is a volume of sketches of such unusual quality that they make me interested in whatever novel he may write and grateful for what he has already written. Unlike most country sketches, they show people not in retrospect but affected by contemporary matters like radio and the less popular amendments. And if these readers will take a chance on prehistoric fiction, "The Giant Cat," J. H. Rosny's romance of the time of the mammoths, which made a sensation in France, is coming soon from McBride.

I have printed several selections of novels already, and another is coming next week, for a group in search of entertainment. In each case I have been asked to choose from novels on the fall and winter lists.

M. M. M., Minneapolis, Minn., asks for books on astronomy for one who knows little but is deeply interested.

"SPLENDORS OF THE SKY," by Isabel M. Lewis (Duffield), is a beginner's book, popular, accurate and up-to-date. "The Call of the Stars," by J. R. Kippax (Putnam), is excellent to take to the country, as I am informed by a family that has just done so. The best book on the sun is by Charles G. Abbot, "The Sun" (Appleton). For the remarkable advances recently made by astronomy, the best books for the general reader are by one of the leaders of the science, Professor George E. Hale: "The New Heavens" (Scribner), and one just from the press, "The Depths of the Universe" (Scribner). It would be hard to find books so small that so enlarge the mind. In the last one, in three chapters the author describes recent discoveries at Mount Wilson—and the reader's universe stretches to the scale of his soul.

M. M. M. asks also for an outline of Russian literature to be used as a basis of study and the names of publishers that issue important translations.

MOISSAYE J. OLGIN'S "Guide to Russian Literature" (Harcourt, Brace) is an excellent handbook for home or club study, not profound, but lucid and detailed. Chekhov's plays are published by Scribner, his tales in a new translation by Macmillan, who also publish Mrs. Garnett's fine translation of all the novels of Dostoevsky. A scholarly biography and study, "Leonid Andreyev," by Alexander Kaun, has just come from Huebsch; from the nature of the subject it is valuable also to the student of contemporary history. Macmillan publishes his "Anathema"; Huebsch the masterly novel by Libedinsky, "A Week," one of the very few works of fiction to come from Russia since the Revolution, with which it deals.

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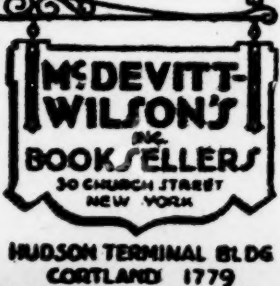
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MÅRBACKA

Hugo Alfen, the Swedish composer, says that to him, "reading Selma Lagerlöf is like sitting in the dusk of a Spanish Cathedral; . . . one has been on holy ground." Selma Lagerlöf is well known in this country and in England; her books, "The Wonderful Adventures of Nils," "The Story of Gösta Berling," etc., have had a wide following; she has been characterized by the *Yale Review* as being "the most beloved woman in Sweden," and the *London Times* has said "she is the most eminent of Swedish writers. . . ." "Marbacka" is Selma Lagerlöf's self-told story of her childhood.

Thomas R. Ybarra says of it: "in 'Marbacka' there is absorbing interest from start to finish. From its pages a dozen characters, men and women and children, stand out clearly and convincingly. The reader's interest in Marbacka becomes enormous. He follows with keenest attention the details of its long history; he becomes absorbingly interested in the schemes of kindly Lieutenant Lagerlöf, Selma's father, for its extension and improvement. . . he has become, to all intents and purposes, an unofficial member of the Lagerlöf family."

"Marbacka" is sold wherever books are sold. A 90-page illustrated booklet about Selma Lagerlöf and her works may be had from the publishers for ten cents. Address: Book Advertising Dept., Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, New York.



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The Phoenix Nest

THE Princess has picked up a bad cold. Watching the moon from a pyramid she recently fell into a sacred fishpond. . . . We have been trying to comfort her with light literature, and as we are fond of darky dialect, we ventured on Robert McBlair's "Mister Fish Kelly." The Princess liked it. We liked it ourselves; the darker side of Norfolk was brought before us decidedly in lighter vein, with a stealthy humor much to our taste.

There is a lady named Geraldine Gordon who says she is a relation of our djinn, and she has an entirely pleasing bookshop in Peterboro, N. H. She has sent us an antic piece of drapery upon which is the Phoenix with wings outspread, according to the art of the Egyptians—modern Egyptians. The colors of this tapestry fascinate us, and we are deeply grateful to our benefactress.

L. A. G. Strong, that indomitable anthologist, has brought out another through D. Appleton. This time it is not an anthology of magazine verse, but one compiled from the many small poetry publications of B. H. Blackwell of Oxford. Mr. Basil Blackwell has, in England, done a not inconsiderable service to poetry through his encouragement by publication of a number of writers who have since attained fame. Running over the list of poets in "By Haunted Stream" (the name of Mr. Strong's book) one finds such names as those of Edmund Blunden, W. Roland Wilde (why is it not Childe Roland?), Louis Golding, Gerald Gould, Robert Graves, Adous Huxley, the Sitwells, Dorothy L. Sayers, Katharine Tynan, and Strong himself.

Our outing, remote from Metropolitan discord, has been doing no good. But we have, perhaps, attained too great a detachment. In fact this last time we have been near to missing the mail with our seven-day celebrations. So we have decided to move back for the winter to the sadly bewildering city. Phoenix and the Princess will come with us. We shall arrange it so that it will all be quite *comme il faut*. The poets have been busy this summer and, to speak of the chief American poet first, we understand that Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson has been at work upon several longer poems. Louis Untermeyer has been exploring Europe, Leonora Speyer and Margaret Widdemer have been going over their more recent work with new books in mind and Lola Ridge has departed—or is about to depart—for parts unknown on a pleasant cruise.

So it was Samuel Hopkins Adams who really wrote "Flaming Youth"! That is, at least, the most recent rumor we have heard. How startling a mixture of his titles would be: "Sailors' Youth" and "Flaming Wives": what infinite possibilities! Du Bose Heyward, the Carolina poet, has now turned his attention to the novel, and we have apprised ourselves of the fact that he has a particularly remarkable one well under way. Its publisher will be playing in luck! Usually when poets turn into novelists they don't do badly—but oh, when novelists turn into poets! It seems to us a commentary upon the state of mind of many Americans that three haphazard tales we perused in the magazines several months ago should all have dealt with the subconscious desire to escape from life's ruts into—what? Only in a vague way did anyone know. The first story among those to

which we refer was by Alice Brown in the August *Harper's*. This netted Miss Brown \$1250 in the first quarterly competition of the Harper 1924 Short Story Contest. It is called "The Girl in the Tree," and in it the reading of a book about a dryad makes the convention-bound Blakesley family go rather loco for an evening. But by the next morning they are all quite themselves again. Miss Brown's is a so-so, rather sentimentalized story, though she is a competent writer. Meredith Nicholson, Bliss Perry and Zona Gale, however, agreed as to its significance. Then, in the *Century*, we read Sherwood Anderson's account of "When I Left Business for Literature," a fragment from his forthcoming "A Story-Teller's Story." This is autobiography and naturally more memorable than either of the fictions cited above. But again the desire to escape—which Anderson accomplished. How it permeates American life! For these were three magazine contributions taken at random. From them we infer that the result of a century's energies of city-building and business-building in the United States seems to leave a dust-and-ashes taste in many mouths. Yet we're not going to sit down on the woodpile and lament, just for that. All life is like that, in the main, we suppose. And, then again, there's more to it. Anyway, as to this city of our discontent, over which our absent spirit broods—what we feel is expressed by a kind contributor, Mr. C. B. Gilbert, who submits the following:

NIGHTFALL

A BALLADE OF MANHATTAN HARBOR.

On Jersey shore, at twilight hour,
Spellbound I stand, as shadows fall;
A ruby tops the Woolworth Tower,
And tiny diamonds deck each wall;
Fantastic loom the buildings tall;
Day's scroll of toil and care is furled;
I feel Her whirl me and enthral—
Manhattan, Wonder of the World!

On Hudson's flood the small craft scour;
The mighty vessels slowly crawl,
Their funnels sending up a shower
Of golden gleams athwart the palls
Shrill whistles shriek, deep-voiced horns
brawl—
Echoes from Palisades are hurled;
To her they pipe mad madrigal—
Manhattan, Wonder of the World!

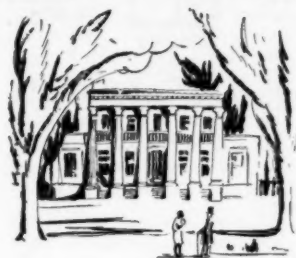
The darkness deepens; storm-clouds lower;
Veiled are the lights sidereals
From tower and dome stream shafts of power
Surpassing beams celestials
Begins the nightly carnival—
In regal splendor, jeweled, pearled,
She stands, superb, majestic—
Manhattan, Wonder of the World!

L'ENVOI

Prince, though at my unworthy scrawl
Your lips be in derision curled,
You'll grant She's greatest of them all—
Manhattan, Wonder of the World!

And now we must begin to pack. Our hegira back to the great city begins tomorrow. See you soon! W. R. B.

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

The Season's First Sale

THE first book sale of the season, consisting of rare Americana, will be held by Charles F. Heartman at Metuchen, N. J., September 30. The 195 lots comprise early almanacs, poetry, books relating to California, the Early West, North American Indians including rare captivities, early imprints and some early broadsides mainly of the early years of the republic. A second alphabet contains an unusual collection of American newspapers largely of New England. For instance, there are long runs of *The Connecticut Courant*, *National Gazette* and the *Vermont Chronicle*. Among the more unusual items are the first American edition of Gray's "Elegy," Philadelphia, 1773; Chippendale's "The Gentleman and Cabinet Director," London, 1754, first edition; first American edition of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," Philadelphia, 1771; George Gillespie's "Sermon Against Divisions in Christ's Churches," Philadelphia, 1740, printed by A. & W. Bradford; and some rare Massachusetts House Journals.

BIBLIOTHECA ASIATICA

MAGGS BROTHERS of London have just issued the first of a series of catalogues devoted entirely to books, manuscripts, views, portraits, autographic material and illuminated manuscripts relating to Asia and the Philippines under the general title "Bibliotheca Asiatica." The series will be copiously annotated and illustrated with facsimiles. Part I, just issued, contains manuscripts of the Koran, dating back to the tenth and twelfth centuries; an unpublished manuscript cosmography with ten world maps, dated 1486; the Ptolemy of 1511 printed on vellum; illuminated manuscripts, the earliest of which was illuminated about the year 1500, including manuscripts of Hafiz, Firdusi and Nizami. Several hundred single illuminated miniatures and drawings, both Persian and Indian, are described and illustrated. A very interesting series of books of the greatest importance are those written by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, including St. Francis Xavier's Account of his arrival in Japan and his attempts at conversion of the Japanese, the

first collection of Spanish missionary relations of 1555, and many other single relations and reports. A manuscript of great historic interest is the journal of the first official voyage from England to Japan, 1611-1613, written by the English and Dutch privateers of 1604. The second part of the catalogue is in active preparation, and will be entirely devoted to original autograph letters and manuscripts from the missionaries working in China, Japan, the Philippines, the Marianna Islands, India, etc., to the Duchess d'Aveiro d'Arcos y Maqueda, a great lady of Madrid in the seventeenth century, renowned for her wealth, influence and piety. She used her influence and wealth to help missions for the conversion of savages in every part of the globe to the Roman Catholic Church. All of these letters were intended for the eyes of the Duchess, and never for publication, and each Father naturally endeavored to interest the wealthy Duchess in all the details of his special mission. The result is a remarkable vivid series of letters relating to the early missions in Asia.

THE SPANISH "BRUNET"

THE first volume of a "Manual del Libero Hispano-Americano," by Antonio Palau y Dulcet, called the Spanish "Brunet," published in a quarto, bound in

half vellum, has just come from Barcelona. It is hoped to complete the work in four volumes. This is an interesting and exhaustive bibliography of Spanish and Latin-American works, since the invention of printing until the present day, with the market value of each work. The work aims at facilitating the researches of the bibliophile, the librarian and the bookseller, and is the result of sixteen years of patient study and investigation. This first volume comprises the sections A and B, and consists of 295 pages, double columns. The remaining three volumes will be double volumes, consisting of about 500 pages each.

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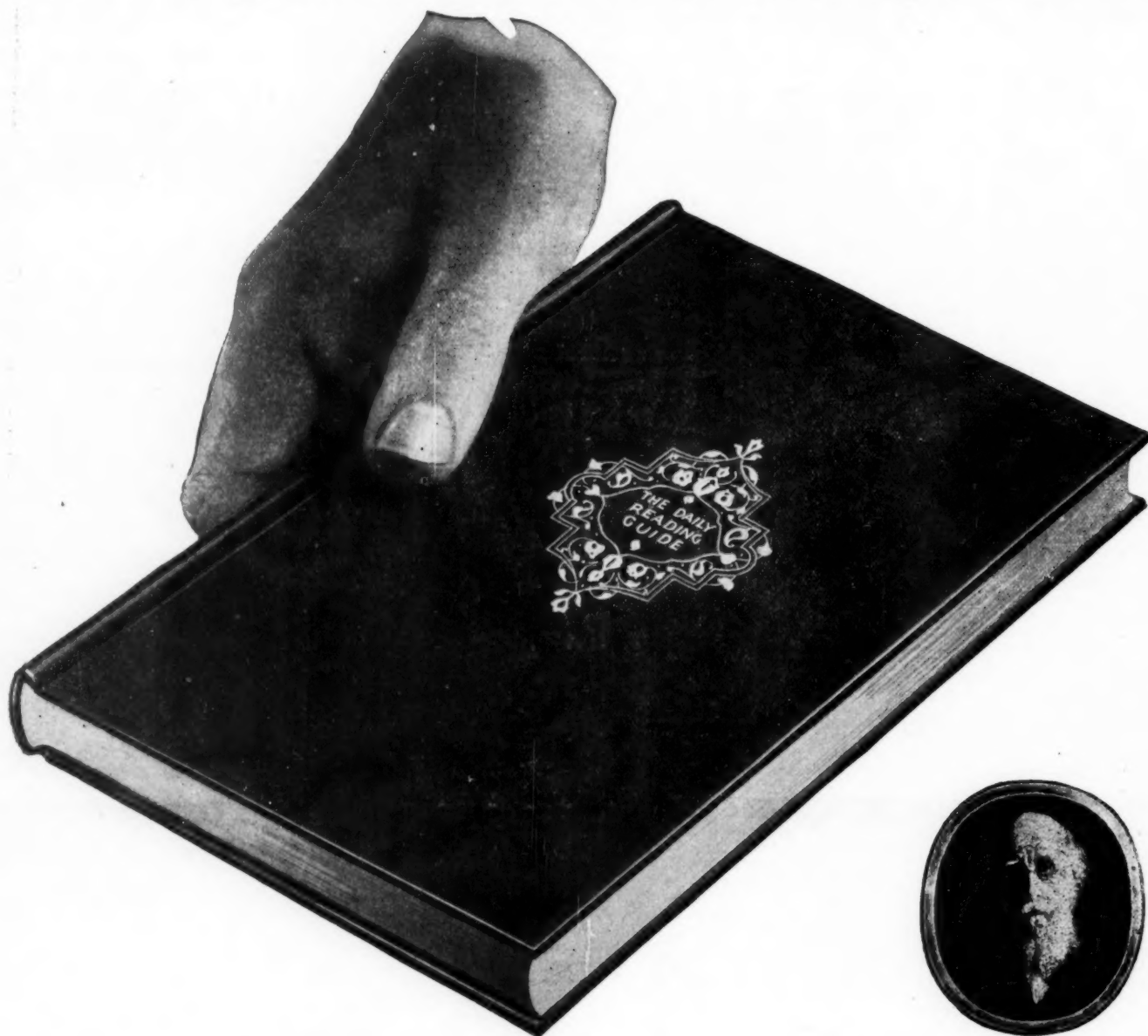
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